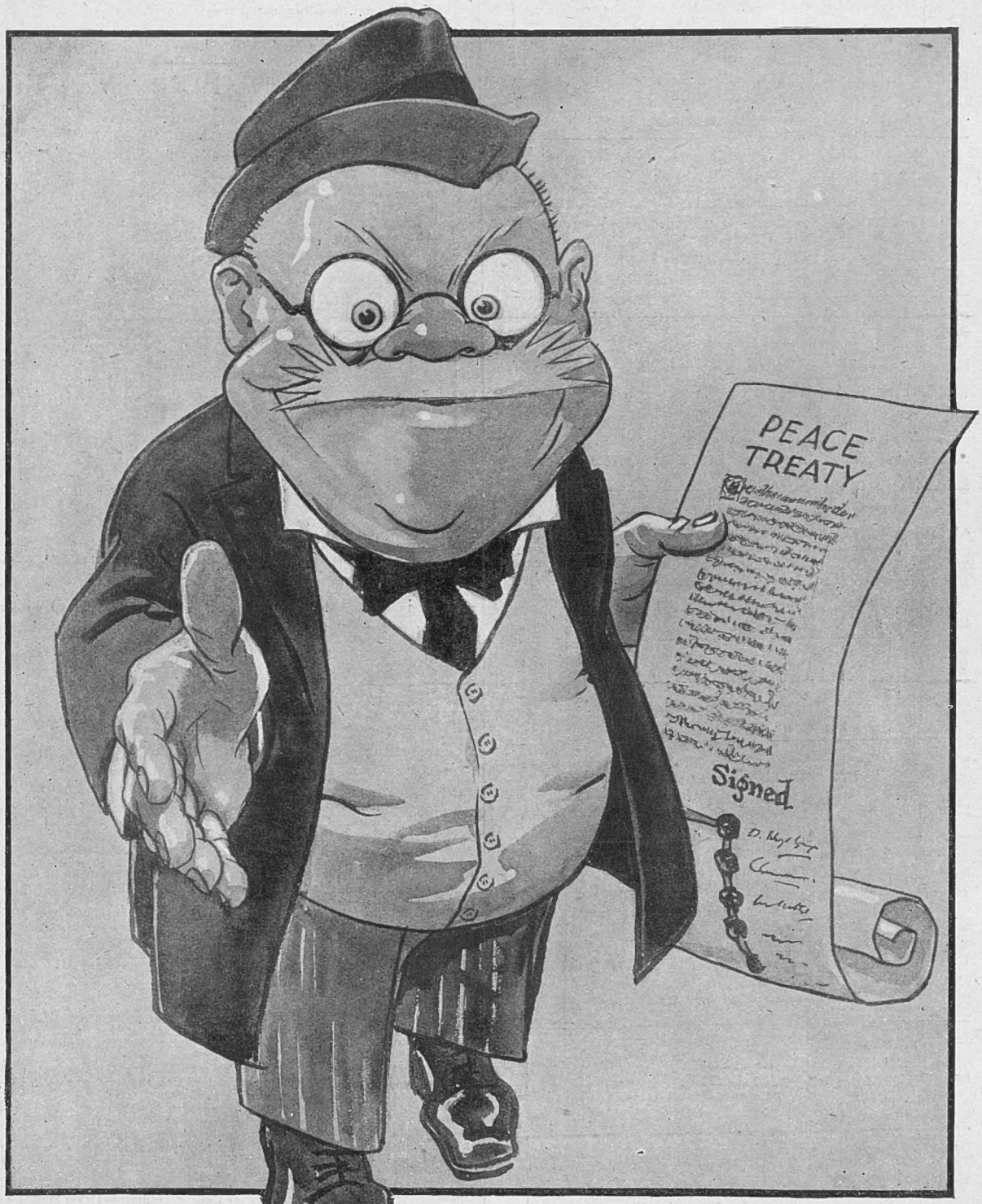
The Bystander, January 21, 1920. No. 842. Vol. LXV.

The BYSTANDER



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—Ed.

BY ALFRED LEETE

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Quietly Ploughing their Furrow

IF we believed all that we read in the newspapers—some newspapers, I hasten to add—we should feel that we were sitting on the very brink of ruin, and a very slippery, crumbling brink at that, gazing out upon chaos. Just because a certain section of politicians in America are using the League of Nations as a stick with which to beat President Wilson and his supporters, there is an impression in some quarters that the whole Peace is going to be a fiasco, the washiest of "wash-outs." But it isn't—and all sorts of things are happening and being done, very quietly, and "without drums or trumpets," as the French say.

I had a most interesting talk the other day with a young man in the new Czecho-Slovak Legation. Amongst other things he told me was that in Paris at this very moment a scheme is being prepared by an international committee, to all intents and purposes a League of Nations, for the co-ordination of all the railway and canal systems of Europe to facilitate a universal system of transport.

I don't know how you feel about it, but to me it is spirit-raising to feel that whilst we are getting hysterical over Spen Valley elections, boxing matches, and the scantiness of female clothing, mighty things with mighty possibilities are being quietly prepared for the future.

What They Have They Hold

THIS same young man likewise told me that one of the reasons of Denikin's failure was not so much the dissension amongst his subordinates—these I hear from another source was due to Bolshevist intrigue and propaganda—as from the inaction, and in some cases active hostility, of the peasantry. Wherever they have been able to do so the peasants have annexed the land. They believed that Denikin's success would mean the restoration of the land to its old owners—and they preferred the land, plus Bolshevism, to that possible alternative.

A Strange Parallel

SPEAKING of Russia, the similarity between the fates of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette and the Tzar and Tzaritsa is one of the most curious things in history. Both men were conscientious and earnest, and, as men, beyond reproach. Both were weak in will, and both were called upon to settle a chaos created by no single action of their own, but entirely by the actions of their forebears on the two thrones.

During the Coronation festivities of Louis and Marie Antoinette hundreds of people were crushed to death at a popular fête in Paris. Precisely the same calamity happened in Russia after the Coronation of Nicholas and Alexandra. The end of the four monarchs, too, was similar in all details, except that the unfortunate Tzar and Tzaritsa were not separated from one another or their family, and did not die upon the scaffold.

A famous old soothsayer in Paris, Madame Thebes, a year after he ascended the throne, prophesied a violent death for the Tzar. A Russian lady took her a glove that had been worn by the Tzar. Putting it to her forehead, Madame Thebes, who certainly had no inkling to whom it belonged, described him with extraordinary accuracy, adding that he would meet his death through a woman. The Russian lady, who was of the house of Demidoff, told me of her visit to Madame Thebes a few days after it had taken place, and I remember talking about charlatans, and saying that it was fairly safe for anyone to prophesy a violent death for a Tzar of Russia—and so it was in those times of Nihilist bombs and intrigues.

"THE FOUNDLING"

By Fred Buchanan

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

In those times, too, I believe, most people in England had a sneaking sympathy with the Nihilists—chiefly because of all the novels about Siberia. Well, the Nihilists have won the day now—only they are called Bolshevists—and they exercise a tyranny of blood, terror, and destruction which makes the autocratic *régime* they toppled over a very Heaven in comparison.

When Is a Theft Not a Theft?

It is always a blessed comfort to know what you can and what you can't do when it is a question of law. For instance, if you have an 'orrid sinking in your Little Mary and haven't the wherewithal to pay for the filling-up thereof, for pity's sake don't "pinch" a sausage roll, a ham, or a boned turkey. If you do, you will be had up for theft and go off to "chokey" in the Black Maria.

No, if you have a fond maiden aunt, or a soft-hearted godfather, go to a restaurant. When you have eaten a meal and explained that you cannot pay, you will be had up for obtaining food under false pretences and given the option of a fine—that's where the maiden aunt and fond godfather come in. If you don't possess either of those commodities, and can't pay the fine, then I'm afraid it's "chokey."

These very wise deductions arise from a case in the police courts in which a young man who had been assistant for a time in a big West End firm, went on turning up at the employees' dinner—and eating—for a long time after he had left the firm's employment. The magistrate said he could see no difference between taking other people's food away in one's pocket or one's Little Mary. Whereupon the young man protested he would never have taken anything away in his pocket, and was fined for getting many meals by "false pretences." I should have thought the magistrate was right.

MAJOR-GEN. SIR G. FEILDING, K.C.B., D.S.O.

Who has commanded the London District since September, 1918, when he took over his duties from Sir Francis Lloyd. He had previously served in France for two years as G.O.C. the Guards Division

MAJOR-GEN. G. D. JEFFREYS. C.B., C.M.G.

Who, on February 1, will succeed General Feilding. He saw much service in France during the war in command of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, and was latterly a Divisional Commander

Trouble in the Hunting Field

There isn't a hunting man or woman the country over who won't be sorry about the quarrel in the Whaddon Hunt. Speaking for myself, I've been what is called mixed up with hunting people all my life, and I can't recall any similar instance of a hunt difference becoming a matter for public discussion. Fusses and difficulties occur in all hunts, just as they occur in families, but in hunts there is a spirit you very rarely get in families—the sporting spirit and the sense of cricket.

So one is all the sorrier that the Whaddon people—both of the Chase and the Committee—have burst into print, and one can only hope that Mr. Walter Long's sensible suggestion of appeal for arbitration to the M.F.H. Association will be accepted.

PRINCE HENRY AT BIRMINGHAM

Prince Henry held an investiture last week at Birmingham, where he presented decorations to wounded soldiers. He is here seen at the bedside of Private H. V. Spilsbury, R.W.F., who was wounded at Ypres in 1918

Bill Gawber Orates

"There's a lot o' things in 'eving an' earth, Orasher, as didn't enter yer (purple) 'ead," remarked Bill Gawber, thoughtfully. "Yer'll be wantin' ter know why I'm quotin' the Bible in the early mornin'! It's this 'ere, Clarence. I wants ter know abaht these 'ere (pink) amalgamations as is

(*Continued on page 154*)

Political Personalities in Caricature

IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST DURING THE RECESS

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

all the go nowadays. Banks amalgamatin'. Dairies a-puttin' their milk an' their water together. Derry an' Toms a-findin' out that a Barker's better than a biter. Wot's it all for? More dirty work? That Lloyd George in it?"

"No, Bill, not this time. It's quite simple, really. All these people are amalgamating because it stops competition, means better business, and especially bigger business."

"Ar? I wonner if it'd do me any (decorated) good ter amalgamate with 'Erb, as I left outside the 'Wheatsheaf' a-holdin' up the ole pub with 'is back? Do yer think they'd let us 'ave more beer if we wos ter buy it by the (smoking) 'ogshead?"

"Certainly; I believe that the Bill and 'Erb Beer Consuming Co., Ltd. . . ."

"Not so much o' yer (figurative) limited, mister. This 'ere is a free country, ain't it? When Lloyd George is out, that is. There ain't no (flocculent) limits. See? There didn't orter be no (rosy) limits, 'cept ter Pussyfoot.

WHY?

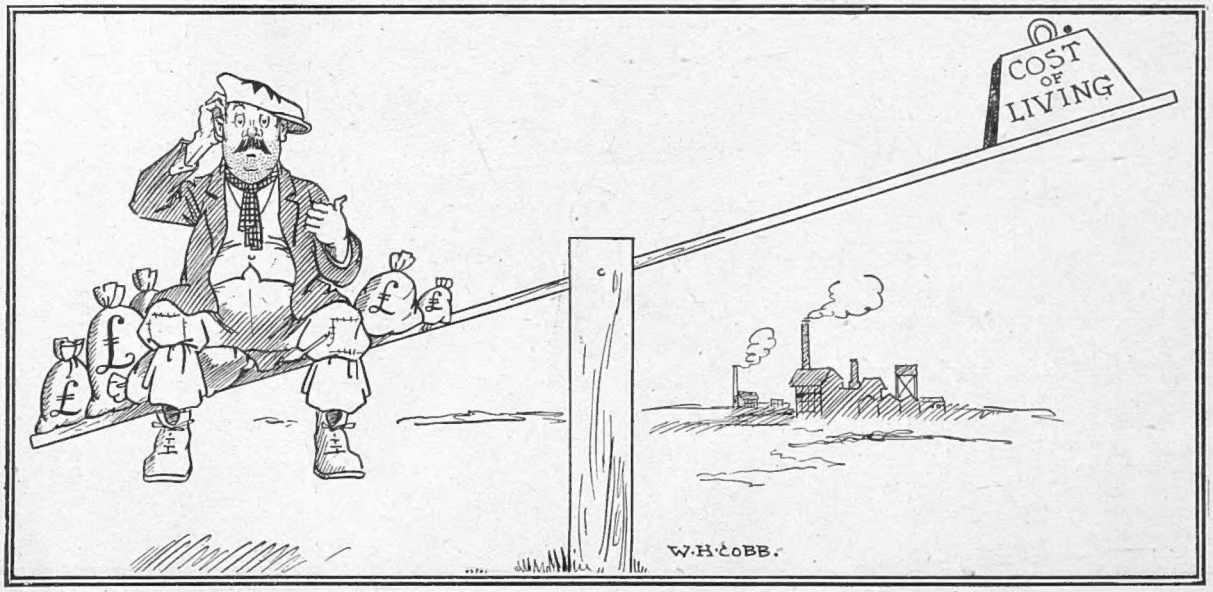
Many people are asking why Viscount Grey has so suddenly returned from America. He has, however, for here he is at Waterloo Station

The Beak

"No, Clarence, the more I thinks of it, the more I sez to meself, I sez: Bill, keep orf it. Don'tcher go amalgamatin'. Soakin's sifer. If yer go amalgamatin' yer get a good chance ter end in the (corroded) dock, like Whittaker Wright; soakin' may let yer in fer a ten-bob fine, but the risk's limited like. Limit yer risk, I sez, that's me (foaming) philoserphy. Though, mind yer, Clarence, things are comin' ter a pass wot Darwin didn't expect in 'is book on evolution, when 'e said as cats turned inter canaries if yer ony gave 'em time. There ain't goin' ter be so much time given ter the pore workin' man as loses 'is way like and finds 'isself before the beak. 'Ave yer seen it in the piper? All the (fetid) beaks in the country is a-goin' ter meet ter 'ave a coo like. Goin' ter establish (decorated) equality o' treatment in the police courts. See? If a bloke lifts 'is elbow, mike him assistant ter Pussyfoot for three months. If 'e's a lunatic as can't be certified, 'cos 'is sister 'as influence, bein' a 'ouse-parler-maid, 'e'll get six months in the Cabinet. The beaks got it orl down in black an' white. They'll be sendin' us back ter school next.

School and Stage

"An', by the wye, I dunno as I'd mind goin' back ter school if ony they didn't search yer 'ead in these degenerate dyes. I (purple) well shouldn't wonder if that bloke, Sir Sidney Lee, as 'as bin torkin' in the pipers, 'ad 'is wye. Wants drarmer in the schools, 'e does. My! one can see as 'e went ter Balliol 'stead of gittin' eddicated. When I was a nipper there was enough drarmer in the Claribel Street School ter curdle yer blood inter black puddin' when football wos properly goin'. But, there, I don't wanter argye with 'im. Me and 'im, we understands each other, like. I'm goin' ter tell young Tom to put it up ter the (corrugated) teacher that public opinion wants a performance o' 'Two Little Vagabunds,' 'The Silver King,' an' 'The Girl as took the Wrong Turning.' Why should the toffs suck orl the good oringes? I sez. The people wants plyes, I sez. An' it ain't goin' ter pye for them neither. The one 'oo plyes ain't the one 'oo pyes. That's me (smoking) motter. I'm modern."

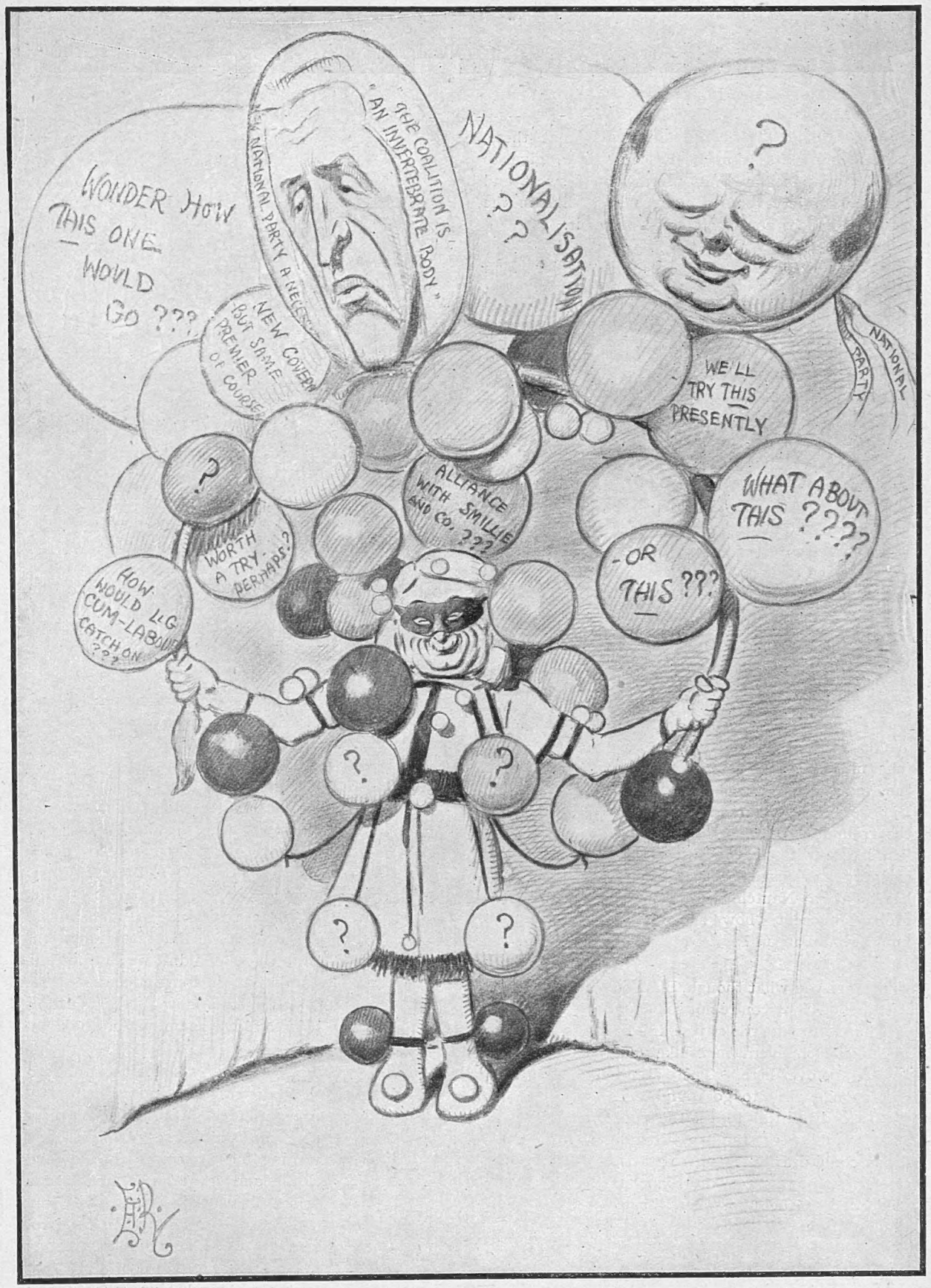


THE "L.S.D.—SAW"

THE WORKER: "Blimy! I can't get level with it. The more money I gets, the 'igher it goes!"

BY COBB

"Balloons (Ballons d'Essai)"



A pretty fancy dress for a little Welsh girl of an enquiring, resourceful and adaptable nature

(With most warm acknowledgments to a photo of Miss Marie Seton in the Daily Press)

BY E. T. REED

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 19, 1920

DEAR COUSIN—

ALWAYS fondly hope, you know, that these, my chits from in England now, give to cousins afar that impression of sweet and ladylike sobriety that men are said to like in the home, if it does bore them stiff—out of it.

卐 卐

RATHER looks though, *vide* a "Major Man (Single)," who writes to me from the Quetta Club, Baluchistan, as if—well, as if either Helen or I'd p'raps rather *slipped* on that good intention. "Blanche, dear," I read, in a quite nice fist, "*What* a wicked frivolous place old England is now, according to you. But you must be a bit of a frivol yourself (though otherwise I'm sure perfectly good) to know so much about it.

卐 卐

"EVEN here in Be-autiful Baluchistan (*so* bracing) we endeavour to amuse ourselves—'course when there's no little War on. ('Member we had one last summer with the Afghans? Oh, *such* an awful War!) Had a little Nautch the other day where a junior officer (very) addressed a distinguished Brigadier (well disguised as the King of Kabul or something, with beard complete) as 'Hallo, Pontius Pilate, old pin. How's Cæsar's wife?'

卐 卐

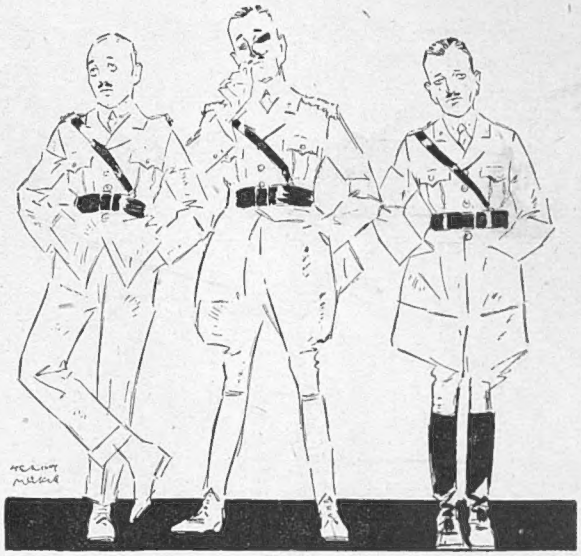
"VERY cold here now o' nights, Blanche. Didn't know it was ever cold here, I suppose? We're 5,000 feet above sea-level, and noses are blue four months in the year, while the other eight they're shiney—or would be, poor things, if let. But we get a bit of hunting, though the ground is very dry and cracked, just like our lips in winter. Which is very awkward, Blanche, my heart, at a Nautch. But there, pretty innocent, how should *she* know what I mean?

卐 卐

"TELL you what though, Blanche (now that you're not so busy!) just hustle around, pack up your best frocks, collect several more like you, and 'Come over here.' There aren't half enough girls to go round, and it's perfectly pitiful to see the subaltern wallflowers standing around. Helen could draw them—free gratis, etcet. And as for *you*, my Blanche, you'd keep the postman busy, wouldn't you?"

卐 卐

"PRODUCTION," as Lord Fisher says, is our only hope. The U.S. dollar is scooping us out,



"It's perfectly pitiful to see the subaltern wallflowers standing around'

and so's the U.S. mercantile marine (at zero before the War). Not that England will succumb—she never does. Spend all your pennies on the Air Corpse. For the rest, sack the lot!

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SO I suppose it'd be all right if we went by air to old Baluch. For that's yet another Fisherism—that every fool knows that every War begins where the last War left off. And as the last War left off just as such a bombing of Berlin had been arranged as would've made that meretricious city dust *and* ashes—seems to me Helen and I'd be right on the job for "Our Special Correspondents at the Front!" And, oh, dear, but *wouldn't* it be nice? Always felt we *did* rather miss the Grand Finale, didn't we? But, ssh! Suppose those aren't the things one properly says now brother Hun's officially once again our brother.

"As for the no-back, not-much-fron and less-leg fashions . . ."

卐 卐

BY the way, though, according to our gracious and graceful late Allies over the Atlantic, most of us here in Europe are sitting around waiting for America to feed and clothe and (at a price, and *what* a price!) finance us. Truth is, we really do seem to be pulling ourselves together just a bitty and starting in to re-make the poor old world that the horrid Hun crashed and we and France saved.

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

COMMERCIALLY, positive booms, they say, in positively *everything*. Morally, still a bit weak, perhaps, but you know what these Wars are—if you learn longitude you also acquire latitude in them. Mentally, never have the country's brains so scintillated as they do now there's a Peace on. Into the new books writers are pouring the wisdom and the philosophy, the wit and brilliance, that was Rome's—before the Fall.

"Nephews may take their more refined aunts"

THE new pictures have a vitality that's been hidden away for decades; the new babies are too sweet for words; the new houses are going to be (and this *is* revolutionary!) hygienic, pleasant and convenient; the new spring hats are ducks; and the Prince, by the way, is being fitted for a Digger's uniform to wear when he arrives in Australia in March.

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TALKING of clothes, I confess wrapping in amorphous coverings the human form, slim and sinuous and divine, has never developed, with me, quite into a *habit*, so to speak. Clothes, after all, are made to become rather than disguise us, and it's only a silly old clinging Victorian fetish—that the more you've got on here on earth the better you'll get on in Heaven hereafter! And as for our alleged rather naughty no-back, not-much-front and less-leg fashions. . . . Well, well . . . .

卐 卐

ABOUT fashions, amusing how we're returning to one that's *quite* Victorian, I believe—the waltz, I mean. At the Piccadilly the other night, Prince's band playing the delicious *Quanto sei bella*, while the first violin took the floor with his fiddle, gave us a pash for *trois temps* that looks like washing out the jazz for good. And there was lots of waltzing, too, at the opening dance of the New Poor Club at the Suffolk Galleries.

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WHERE they *may* be poor (new), but, my word, they *have* got a band (yclept Birmingham's), and the sort of floor you could *swim* on. And here, too—will chaperones please note—is the *genus* Minx not encouraged. Sons may take their fathers, daughters their mothers, nephews their more refined aunts—and all would still be well. And no one ruined either. Which is more than I could promise you at a few other of the dance clubs we wot of here in London now.

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BY THE WAY, I hear that Pavlova the peerless is coming to London—when a management rich enough can be found to pay the fees. America's a little apt to spoil our more modest European markets with her millions, isn't she? Also, Barrie has written a play for Karsavina which'll be sweet if it's only half as charming as the one he wrote for poor little Gaby Deslys.

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BUT it remains to be seen who'll afford to be a theatre-goer if they really do raise the price of the already 15*s*. stalls. They're having to count even their pennies now, you know, our *nouveaux pauvres*, as you'll see from this, which comes to me from one who is "only a female and very much of the New Poor."

卐 卐

"So the joy of your weekly letter is going 'up,' Blanche, but I can still afford to run to you. For five lonely years, with all my men 'out there,' you bucked me up, and now I say 'Carry on!' 'May the gentleness of the gods be with thee' always, and may it send me a little luck, too so that, perhaps, somehow I may always be able to revel in your cheery yet remembering (remembering those who seem by the world forgot these days) letters."

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE.

"Having to count their pennies—our '*nouveaux pauvres*'"

"Will Ye No Come Back Again?"

A DEPARTMENTAL DAY-DREAM

BY W. E. WIGFULL

"Seven hundred women and girls employed at the War Office drew their final week's pay recently."—*Daily Paper*

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES.

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN

DRAWINGS BY HIGGINS.

No. XIII.—Reggie on a Labour Government

"Is there any subtle distinction between efficiency and whiskers?"

"THIS sudden move in the direction of a Labour Government," I ventured, "is rather disquieting. Surely the time is not yet ripe. . . ."

"My dear chap," said Reggie, "the Biggest Circulation does not bother about seasons. The time is ripe when it thinks it is. If it wants to produce a Labour Government it'll do it under glass if necessary. The grateful glow from a million copies a day will make anything grow anywhere at any time. If the Fates and Furies of Carmelite Street decide to give us a Labour Government we shall have to have it, whether we want it or not. Once the inky decision is made it's as easy as producing the Giant Gooseberry.

"The point is, what'll happen to the country when the latest improvement is fobbed on to it? Having suffered from the shortcomings of cultured and clean-shaved politicians in the past, what will become of us when the men with the once-horny hands and the drooping moustaches come into power? Is there any subtle connection between efficiency and whiskers? Is the day of the hairless political hero a thing of the past? Would Winston have brought off his many War stunts if only he'd worn Dundreary's? Is the treeless expanse of the Geddes' chin a danger to the country? These are things that need pondering over.

"Anyhow, if it's decided we've got to have a Labour Government perhaps we'd best try to accept it with a good grace. If Demos is coming into power let's hasten to flock round him and make the best of him. Let's shed all our hoary old notions about Government being the hereditary pastime of the leisured classes. As a matter of fact, that idea's pretty dead already. The aristocracy hopped it long ago. This country is now principally run by a lively little solicitor from Wales—what the Dukes used to call a pettifoggin' little Welsh attorney in the days when they wanted to be nasty—and an unromantic iron merchant from Glasgow. In spite of dear old Curzon's gallant efforts to import a little tone into the assembly, there's mighty little of Vere de Vere about the present Cabinet. One knows how he must feel, lost among the *bourgeois*, and having descended from the Aristocrats to the Middle Classes the idea is that we may as well go the whole hog and hand over the steering-wheel to the Proletariat.

"The argument—if there is any—seems to be that our present rulers have made such a mess of things that their successors couldn't possibly do worse. This seems to me a dangerous doctrine. If it's a really and truly democratic Government we're looking for, then let's take down Debrett, and I'll bet my boots that in five minutes you'll be able to pick out the finest People's Cabinet ever known. The dear old book's full of earnest Peers and things who desire only the welfare of their fellow-men. They're not on the make, having seen quite enough of the vanities and follies of this world to last 'em for ever. They don't covet their neighbour's wealth, because for quite a lot of centuries they and theirs have been familiar with the idea of possessin' a bit of their own. There's nothing raw or rash about 'em. They're the salted product of the ages, and they can talk pigs and crops, or drink four ale in a country pub. as easily as they can dominate the scene in the mansions of the recently rich. They're the all-round men of the day, and the country would be as safe as Government houses in their hands. The people whose forefathers robbed the national hen-roosts as far back as Saxon days are not likely to do it now. All the original sin's been worked out of 'em."

"But I'm afraid that doesn't fit in with the mood of the time, Reggie. The idea is. . . ."

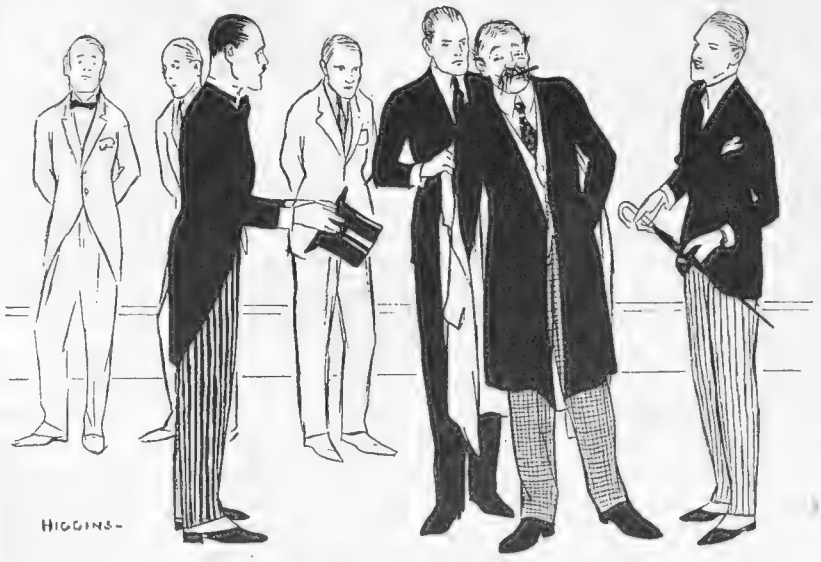
"There isn't any idea. It's all emotion. The country's running about like a scared hen, and doesn't know what it wants. If it's told often enough that all will be well if it takes on a Labour Government—well, it'll cheerfully hop out of the frying-pan into the fire. And by the time it has discovered there's a pronounced smell of burning it will be too late. The country will be in the grip of the wild and unlettered men from Wigan and Clydebank, and any man who pronounces his aspirates without bodily effort will be disfranchised.

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES (*concluded*)

" 'Pon me soul, it astonishes me that anybody should be mad enough to contemplate such an idea. For ten centuries and more these Islands have been struggling towards political liberty. Jack Cade, Oliver Cromwell, Bill Adams, Horatio Bottomley—these and many more have done their bit in this direction. We haven't managed it even yet, but now it is proposed to hand us over to something worse than we have ever known. It was bad enough being governed from the Star Chamber. But who is there mad enough to want to be governed from the 'Pig and Whistle?'

" As a matter of fact, it isn't from the massed Proletariat that the real danger threatens. It is from the enlightened Leaders it would come—the men who call the strikes and present a bill to us for the tune. We have one example in recent history to show what happens when the People's Tribune becomes elected to the giddy rank of Cabinet Minister. Honest old John Burns showed that if you want a real, *pukkah*, hide-bound bureaucrat you mustn't go to patrician sources for him. And can't you see what sort of a Government we should get once a couple of dozen eager and hefty Labour Leaders had been let loose on Whitehall?

" They would, in the language of the day, be tickled to death in their new surroundings. However stern and grave a face they might turn to the packed benches of the House they would, in the seclusion of their own sumptuous offices, dance a farandole of joy on the official hearthrug at the thought of the wonderful luck Fate and their own honeyed tongues had brought 'em. They would revel in all the bureaucratic toys for which our present rulers are derided. They would have squads and platoons of private secretaries. They'd sleep with their chubby arms clasped round red Morocco despatch boxes. They'd joy-ride up and down Whitehall in large and expensive motor-cars. They'd devote their considerable talents to picking up all the little tricks of the trade. They'd be positively bursting with 'The answer is in the negative.' They'd be thoroughly unbusinesslike in the approved fashion of statesmen. They'd forget that the duty of Ministers is to minister, and would devote all their energies to securing a ninety-nine years' lease in Whitehall. Having captured No. 10 Downing Street for self, friends and wives, they'd positively loathe the idea of ever giving it up again. And before you could say knife we should have a shiny, new Britannia-metal aristocracy, full of all the electro-plated defects of the modern and with none of the virtues of the antique.



"They would be tickled to death in their new surroundings"

" It's absurd, my lad, to pretend that a human heart does not beat beneath the rough homespun of a Labour Leader. As soon as his particular Society can be persuaded to stick up enough funds he develops a taste for villa houses and quite presentable little dinners in Town. He cultivates a palate for wine in his middle 'forties, and can tell you what a cigar should really be before he's fifty. He races Anno Domini to make up for lost time, and generally manages to put up a pretty good show. But what he's done at present would be a mere preliminary canter compared to the pace he'd rip along once he'd got well set on the Whitehall course.

" Naturally, in between all the amusements, they'd have to sandwich some sort of show at Government in order to keep the game going. Every now and again—say once a fortnight—the well-paid masses would demand a head on a charger, and the Cabinet would bustle round and lop another contribution off the unhappy community that doesn't labour with its hands. By and by Labour would work three hours a day, draw a guinea an hour, and speak with derision—tinged with a little honest pity—of the income-tax paying classes, meaning me and you. And. . . ."

" But come, come, Reggie. You're laying it on a bit too thick. Why no British Parliament. . . ."

" My dear old thing, please don't butt in so violently. You ought to know that there's no such thing as a British Parliament. All we've got at the present time is a small Board of Directors, which the Chairman attends on the rare occasions when he can find time from his numerous other engagements. And if the Labour Leaders are hoisted into power we shall have a sort of highly gilt Parliamentary Labour Co-Operative Society, in which the Directors would declare just such dividends as would keep their shareholders nice and happy. And the Middle Classes, who, we are told, are now voting Labour, wouldn't have much of a look-in on that little lot. In fact, they'd be mighty lucky if they got a coupon entitling them to buy over the counter."

Wholly Depressing!

THE COLONEL (*who has won*): "Never mind, padre, you'll get your own back when you come to put me underground"

PADRE: "Even then, though, it will be your hole!"

BY THORPE

Stars in the Ascendant: Miss Elise Craven

BY HIGGINS

MISS CRAVEN made her first appearance on the stage at His Majesty's Theatre in 1908 as the Fairy Queen in *Pinkie and the Fairies*. She scored an immediate success. In 1910 she played with Mr. Cyril Maude in *Jellicoe and the Fairy*, and subsequently appeared as a dancer in various leading music-halls. In 1913 she was engaged by Mr. George Edwardes to play at Daly's in *The Marriage Market*. She has lately devoted much time to work on the music-hall stage, and to the teaching of stage and ball-room dancing. She last appeared in London in *The Girl for the Boy* at the Duke of York's, and is now in Paris playing at the Alhambra for a few weeks.

The Whirligig AT THE PALACE

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS must be quite the last word in revues. Its appointments are rich to the degree of magnificence, and its lively humour is both grateful and comforting. The rapid and frequent changes of scene more than justify the title of an entertainment which is almost bewildering in its complete efficiency. Right from the start you feel as if you were there as one of the family; and when Miss Maisie Gay swaggers up to the footlights in the first scene, and gives her hat a smart tap on the crown to set it more firmly on her head you feel that, if it comes to that, you don't care either! And then there are the Palace Girls, who come rushing on, disguised from the waist upwards as powder puffs, with very long handles, to give a homely touch to the proceedings. The Palace Girls, by the way, have never sung and danced so well before. In one of their scenes they had a regular ovation all to themselves, and they thoroughly deserved it.

IN the humorous department, the gem of the show is unquestionably the "Travesty Melodrama in Five Acts, entitled 'For Pity's Sake!'" As a rule, burlesques of melodramas are not very interesting, as we have to love them for themselves alone; but in this instance we have a guide to the treasures in Mr. Charles Withers, who not only gives us a hint as to when it is time to laugh, but takes steps to see that we do it. The whole scene comes from America, and happily suggests that, after all, the Land of the Free may yet succeed in recovering its lost sense of humour. The proprietor and manager of the theatre in this scene is an old farmer, a typical "Hayseed," and a note on the programme kindly informs us that the players are "really very bad actors." Still, there is a point at which bad acting can become positively good, when it is considered as a humorous entertainment, and this point is easily reached in this laughable burlesque.

THE old farmer, who is at once owner and manager of the theatre, is also the orchestra. Years ago there used to be in London old-fashioned musical entertainers who walked about the streets with a drum and half-a-dozen other instruments of torture tacked on to them, which they worked with their hands and elbows and knees, until the policeman came. The orchestra of Mr. Withers is on something like these lines, and he proves himself to be, besides, a very capable violinist. The melodrama is of the conventional kind. It is the byplay of Mr. Withers that galvanises the thing into life. If an actor speaks in a determined way to his wife (as people sometimes dare to do on the stage) the words are punctuated with a bang on the big drum and if the heroine, as usual, has a plaintive tale to tell, her pathos is musically accompanied by sobs on the violin. I laughed my throat so dry that when the turn was over I was shocked to find that it was past ten o'clock, and that, therefore, there was no remedy for the trouble available.

THERE is a pleasant scene called "Barrieland," which is peopled by the well-known characters in Sir James's novels. It is pretty and restful, but not otherwise greatly distinguished, except for the dance of the Palace Girls attired as a number of Peter Pans. Having had a brief rest, we get back to the funny side of the show again. There is a dinner-party, with Mr. Morris Harvey as an "extra" waiter, who is, in private life, a greengrocer, and who mentions with proper pride that his daughter is an actress on the stage, not because she can act, but because she has lovely hips. Who was it that said the other day that British dramatic art is not advancing? In due course the "extra" discovers that his daughter is one of the distinguished party, and his paternal solicitude to ensure that she shall have a double helping

to everything is quite sweet. Then Miss Maisie Gay takes the floor to enquire pathetically where the other girls get their "Guys" from, and receive pearl necklaces for keepsakes, while all that comes her way is a packet of hairpins with twopence to pay on delivery, or something of that sort. Miss Gay is a distinct acquisition to the revue.

THE scene of the Temple of Chance is a gorgeous little sermonette addressed to those people who gamble away more than they can afford—that is to say, to all those who gamble. We see Good Fortune and Bad Fortune represented by two lovely ladies, either of whom would be a bit of luck, anyway. And then there is Superstition, which is the sort of thing that prompts you to give twopence to a blind man before risking a shilling on the two-thirty. There is also Poverty, who, to judge by her dainty frock, is probably one of the New Poor who hasn't quite got down to bed-rock yet. It is all very quaint, and is produced nominally for the true enlightenment of a Youth represented by Miss Emma Trentini, who acts and sings with great distinction. This is followed by a stirring scene of a masked man with a revolver who breaks into a lady's boudoir (the local post office and bank being, of course, closed at that hour), and refusing disdainfully the lady's offer of her gold and jewels, demands a far greater prize than all—the use of her spare bedroom. It looks as if the Houseless Ones were beginning to take a sterner view of their rights.

A SIMPLE story, which the worldly will read without a glossary, is *La Potinière*, which, as everybody knows, is the French for *faits divers*. A sweetly green young man, who boasts of his income of no less than four hundred pounds a year, falls in love with Nanette, "described as an actress." Hearing that Monsieur Gigot is her guardian, as he indeed is, though the term has its synonyms, the young man begs he will accord him Nanette's hand in marriage. The scene is, of course, quite French, because, as Mr. Morris Harvey is careful to explain, it could not happen in England; and Miss Maisie Gay again distinguishes herself by her knowledge of the elastic possibilities of the French language in this trying situation and her very correct pronunciation. The trouble is, of course, the usual one. M. Gigot would be only too pleased to give the young man the lady's hand if she would take it out of his pocket long enough for the purpose. Miss Gay's performance as the gentle Nanette transformed to a veritable virago at the thought of being *lachée*, is quite a brilliant piece of work. I have seen nothing to compare with it in excellence outside a pre-War Parisian Revue.

AND so the merry entertainment goes on, and there is not a dull moment in any of its fourteen scenes. Mr. Morris Harvey and Miss Maisie Gay supply between them the more boisterous humour of the production, while lighter and equally agreeable fun is dealt out by Mr. Billy Leonard and Miss Dorma Leigh. Miss Anita Elson comes to grips successfully with the more ambitious side of the musical part of the entertainment, and a noteworthy feature of the show is the costume-designing of Mr. Hugh Willoughby, the new star in that particular firmament. *The Whirligig* is a show for everybody to see.

JINGLE

The Jovial Rhinelander

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

HE calls himself "der lustige Rhinelander." It is hard to find the exact equivalent of the phrase in English. A word is wanted that suggests a slight disposition to sit about in the sun and think that the world is good to gaze upon—to be a looker-on at the world's activities when it is possible to avoid taking too active a part in them—to drink deeply, but slowly and with discrimination, of the golden wine of the Rhine with an old-world disregard of the flight of time.

THIS reputation is to a large extent deserved. The typical German, as we imagine him, is really a typical Prussian, partly because it is the Prussian who makes fortunes and travels, and partly because his racial variety has insisted on his type being recognised as characteristic of Germany, but the Rhinelander is not entomologically a Prussian. The fact that they usually figure as Prussians on the "inhabitants' list," which we make the Rhinelanders hang on the hall door, has nothing whatever to do with it. That is a purely political and geographical distinction. The home of the iron-souled Prussian is not on the sunny banks of the Rhine, but on those sterile plains of the North-East where nothing is sown but dragons' teeth, and no crop reaped but armed men.

YOUR real Rhinelander is by nature the greatest loiterer in Germany. Ask any ex-M.T. driver what he thinks of the people of Cologne as regards their traffic sense, and he will tell you that the inhabitants of the tiniest hamlet of Northern France, infuriating as they were, had ten times the horse (and motor) sense of these dwellers in a big industrial centre. "Shut the Germans out of England?" muttered one irreconcilable lorry driver the other day. "Rot! Take all these 'ere beggars from Cologne and bung 'em down in the City, I says, an' in a week yer'd 'ave the lot of 'em a layin' out in St. Pauls'es Mouse Olyum."

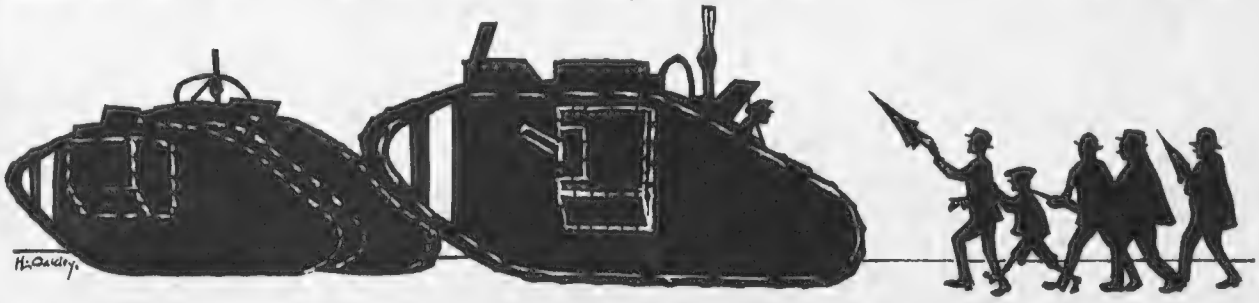
"The lustige Rhinelander."

ANYTHING will collect a crowd in this land of loiterers. The most preposterous mobs of spectators, not purchasers, used to collect round the windows of the shops which exhibited the first consignments of "Armistice bacon." There is a *dolce far niente* impulse in the air of Rhineland, which lends a subtle joy to doing nothing when there is something to be done, which even has its effect on us at times, as presidents of chronically unpunctual messes and staff sergeant majors with unclearable "pending" trays could woefully relate.

ANYTHING approaching a military display the Kölner finds irresistible. Several hundred civilians still assemble daily outside the "Monopol" and "Excelsior," even after a year of occupation, to stare with passive, but contented faces at the simple guard mounting ceremony. A recent demonstration of cavalry and tanks proceeding at full speed across the Dom Platz, which ought to have proved rather awe inspiring, lost some stage effect when from every direction delighted loiterers rushed in pursuit of the tanks, shouting with delight to all and sundry to join in, giving at first sight the lamentable picture of two British tanks retreating at top speed before a determined onslaught of German civilians with fixed umbrellas!

LIKE the good Catholics they are, the Rhinelanders observe every Saints' Day reverently—and in idleness; and like good Republicans, celebrate with equal fervour every pagan feast day! Their crowning festival, the Cologne Carnival, has not taken place since war broke out, but during the week it lasted no one really slept, no work was done, and, while no respectable person was ever drunk, no self-respecting person was ever quite sober! This seems sufficient comment on their powers of absorption, at least, when not tested with the chemical poisons with which lots of his wine seems now to be *ersatzed*.

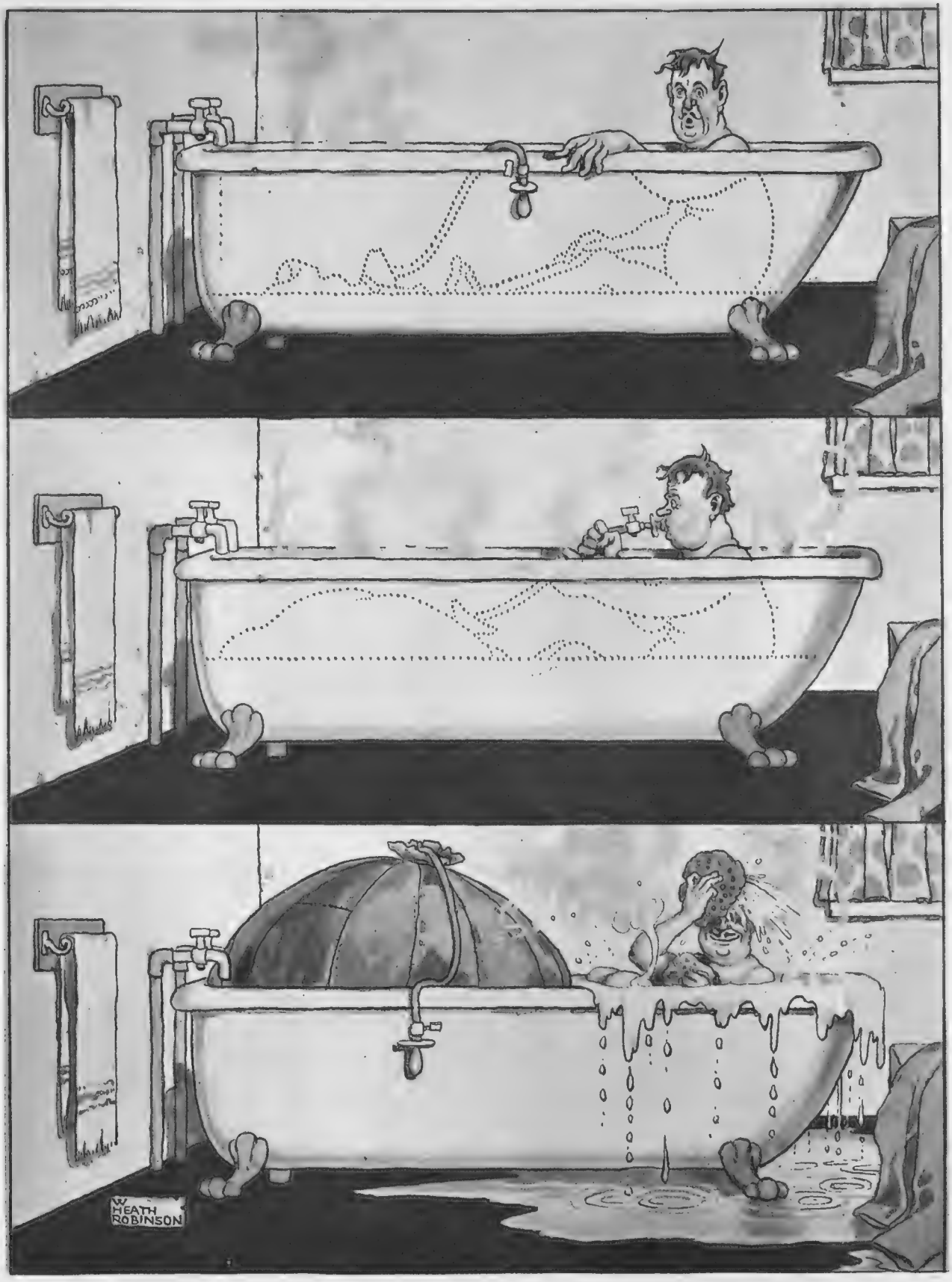
ERIC GORDON



"Rushed in pursuit of the Tanks"

BY H. L. OAKLEY

When the Hot Water Tap Runs Cold



"A NEW DEVICE FOR MAKING A LOT OUT OF A LITTLE"

BY HEATH ROBINSON

A NATION OF SPORTSMEN

By Reginald Arkell. Illustrated by Alfred Leete

"Runs faster than the horses can"

SKATING

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits.
Once more, on aluminium skates,
I stagger wildly round the rink,
The joy of all—I do *not* think!
And, as each subsequent mishap
Plants me more firmly in the lap
Of every flapper in the room,
I bless this roller skating boom!

"Jazzing is the latest craze"

RACING

I AM not one of those who poke
Poor fun at honest racing folk.
I know a man who doesn't mind
How far his horse gets left behind.
All bookies do not profiteer;
Their prices are *quite* short, I hear;
While, now and then a racing man
Runs faster than the horses can!

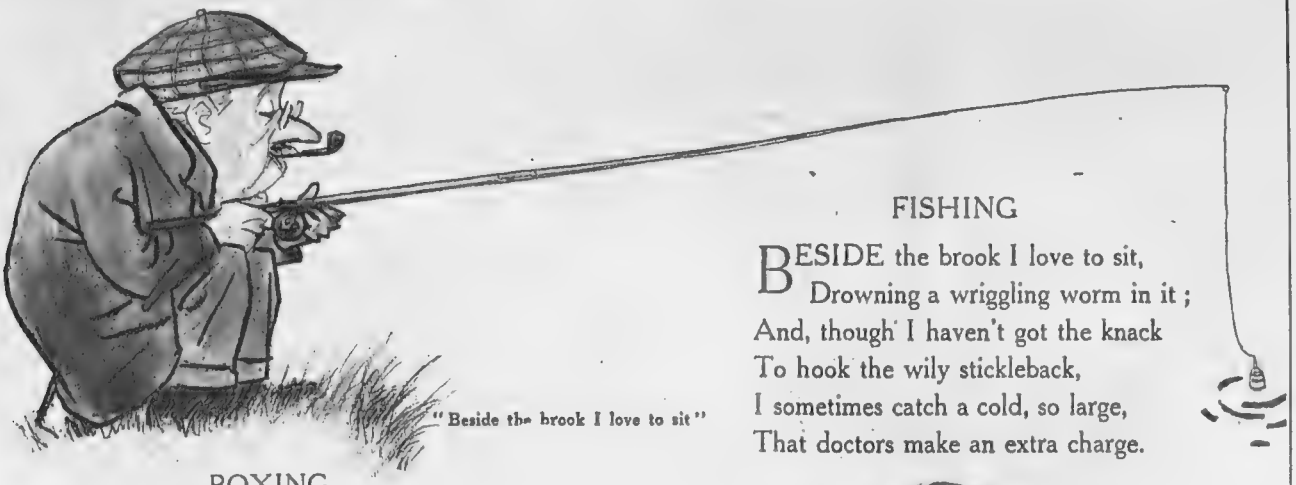
"Plants me more firmly in the lap"

DANCING

IN these razzle-dazzle days,
Jazzing is the latest craze;
It is done in various ways.

When I look at them, I think
Of a kangaroo in drink
Rolling round a skating rink.

If you are not old or stout,
And you like to walk about,
You'll enjoy yourself, no doubt.



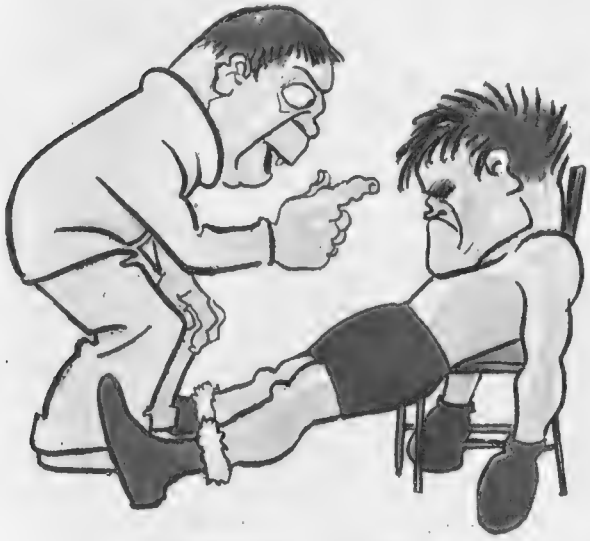
"Beside the brook I love to sit"

FISHING

BESIDE the brook I love to sit,
Drowning a wriggling worm in it;
And, though I haven't got the knack
To hook the wily stickleback,
I sometimes catch a cold, so large,
That doctors make an extra charge.

BOXING

AFTER that nasty knock-out blow,
Your second says: "I told you so!"
Your trainer has a word or two!
Your backer will not look at you.
And papers make their readers laugh
By publishing your photograph.



"Your second says: 'I told you so!'"

HUNTING

WE'LL all go a-hunting, to-day;
There's a house down at Wanstead they say,
So we'll join in the queue
With our orders to view,
And we'll find it was let yesterday!

"Filling all his coupons up"

FOOTBALL

LET us see if Willie can
Be a proper sporting man.
Let us see if he is able
To consult the First League table.
Let us watch this priceless pup,
Filling all his coupons up.
If he picks the winners out,
He's a sportsman, there's no doubt.

"So we'll join in the queue"

"Euclid on a Bend"

EINSTEIN "EXPLAINED"

BY HILL ROWAN

(For Senior Wranglers Only.)

(All theories of geometry have been upset by Einstein's discoveries—confirmed by the bending of light from a star. It is now doubted whether a circle, for instance, is really circular: and the size of bodies is said to vary with their rate of motion.)

The New Geometry—Axioms.

Parallel lines are such that, being produced ever so far, do not meet for a considerable distance.

People who are equal to explaining Einstein's theory are equal to anything.

A square is a four-sided figure, with its four sides, roughly speaking, equal, at normal temperatures, and when travelling at a moderate speed.

A straight line is the shortest way between two points, except a line such as the South-Eastern and Chatham, on which the size of bodies is affected by the rate at which they are moving. (Corollary — a distinction should be drawn by geometricians between the apparent and actual times of the arrival of trains).

Gravity is that sense in undergraduates which is easily disturbed by a scientific lecture.

Einstein's idea of a circle: problem for advanced students—find the centre

A straight line in the new Geometry. Note: Teetotalism has made little progress among the New Geometricians

Isosceles triangle after receiving a right hook from the New Geometry

Isosceles triangle with left-hand top spin

Double Entry—a method of subversion of the ordinary canons of arithmetic well known to accountants and company promoters.

Eternal Triangle—one in which the husband usually cuts a poor figure, and is generally obtuse.

Easy Problems for Schoolboys.

Draw an angle of 45 degrees under the attraction of an electro-magnet.

At what speed will a parallelogram become a line, and estimate the prospects of "doing time" of a motorist who strikes out a line for himself.

Write a note on the term "arguing in a circle."

At what time of night will a human body deviate from the perpendicular?

What is an eccentric? Describe in colloquial language any you have met with among your professors.

Explain by Einstein's theory why the walls of suburban houses vary from the vertical. Is this connected with the rate of speed at which they are built?

What can you say about the perturbations in a milkman's estimate of the size of a quart?

Differentiate the calculations of the rate of motion of a body of (*a*) a policeman and (*b*) a taxi-driver engaged on the same problem. What is the effect of squaring the policeman?

Explain the terms "Closing time," "call of time," "seconds out." Describe, as far as your memory serves you, the geometrical effect of "seeing double."

Geraldine Cabaret

From out the Dope

Norman Lestrange

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Geraldine Cabaret, daughter of a San Francisco eyebrow remover, has arrived in London. She accidentally meets Lestrange, who, returning off a tour with the Revue "What's Yours?" has been conveyed to hospital in a critical condition, owing to being struck by a London and North Western sandwich, which fell from the rack in the train. Lestrange recovers, and the two start a *lingerie* shop in the Temple. It fails. They are thrown on their last resources. There is nothing left to them to do, but to live expensively in a West End Hotel. It is here that Silas Goldberg enters the story.

This powerful serial will start next week (if we can't find anything better in the meantime).

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[We fully realise the importance of serials, and, therefore, to avoid any disappointment in the meantime, I have managed to procure the synopsis of this one.—Ed.]

The Attack on London's "Sale"-ient

THE "BIG PUSH" OF JANUARY, 1920

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

"Alas, Poor Yorick! I

Old Bill took a rapid trip round the fronts the other da

Knew Him, Horatio"

and was held speechless with veneration by one ruin.

BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Bustling the 'Bus—

—Or the Woman's Movement

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

The Bystander in PARIS

"CRISE DE LOGEMENT." *Illustrated by* MARCEL PONCIN

"A *huissier* called on me last week"

MES AMIS,

A *huissier* of the Republic, what you call a bailiff, called on me last week and delivered a letter. It informed me that I must leave my *garçonnière* in three months' time. Of course, I know quite well that the landlord has no wish whatever to turn me out. He has only served the notice so that if I wish to stay he will be able to let me do so for the consideration of another thousand francs on to my rent.

WHEN I went to the *café* I found that nearly everyone had also had a call from the *huissier*. This fashion of raising the rents is an epidemic. Everyone grumbled, but they will pay. That is, everyone except Dominique Beauvau. Dominique is a man of force and of ideas. When the floods came the other day he made a pair of stilts to get out of his house and walked about on them till he walked into the river by mistake, and went floating down with the stilts sticking up like a couple of periscopes till an agent of the police rescued him.

SO when he got the notice of his landlord he had another idea. "Name of a dog!" he said in the *café* "I will not pay. I know a better way than that." But he would not tell his idea till yesterday, when he came to visit me. "Listen, *copain*," he said, "I wish advice from you. Put on your boots." While I have done it he told me his idea. He has put in the journals this advertisement: "*Beau garçon*, aged thirty-two, income 20,000 francs, lieutenant of Chasseurs demobilised and turned out of his apartment by profiteering landlord, wishes to meet widow with house and furniture of her own or long lease with view to marriage."

"*Voyons*," he said, "how many answers I have received." This species of a Landru has had a packet of nearly a hundred letters. "*Mais quoi donc?*" I asked. "I go to marry the one with the best apartment," he said. "*La femme, je m'en moque.* One can content oneself with any. It is the house where one can live that is the impossibility to find."

THERE were many who have written how they have made their first husbands very happy, and how they were good housewives and very loving. And there were some who said that they would allow all the liberty to the lieutenant of Chasseurs, but how he might find that it was perhaps best to stay at home. Sly ones, these, but the lieutenant of Chasseurs said only "she does not say at what *étage* she lives or if there is an *ascenseur*." Some have sent their photographs, but at them Dominique would not look. "It is a house I want," he said, "not a love affair." There was one who said that she had hands like the Venus de Milo, which is remarkable, and another who said she was born in 1884, and is now twenty-six.

"*Allons*," said Dominique, "we go to visit those," and he has picked out half a dozen who have made the best answers. "I take you with me, old one, for *les convenances*." There have been many drolleries in these visits.

"But, Madame," said Dominique, to one who purred to him like a cat, "you have no *salle de bain*. Absolutely it is necessary that I have a *salle de bain*." "One could arrange it," said Madame, "and regard how I have here the collection of butterflies which my late

"There was one who has opened the door"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

husband made in the colonies. It is a marvel, and many come to see it." "A *salle-de bain*, and not butterflies, is what I want," muttered Dominique. "*Adieu*, Madame."

"It was a real Parisienne"-

THERE was one who has opened the door of her apartment, and at once Dominique has inquired for Monsieur le comte de Jumilon, who does not exist. "Anything in reason," he has said when we went down the stairs, "but though I wish an apartment, it is not necessary to marry a woman of a hundred kilos with a beard." When we have visited the fifth house without to find that both the furniture and the widow were to the taste of my friend he has become discouraged, and we have gone to a *café* to read again the letters.

AGAIN we have sorted some out. There was one that seemed to be of great promise: "Widow of the War, having small pension and furnished apartment of her own, six rooms and kitchen, modern third *étage*, *ascenseur*, would like to meet the Lieutenant of Chasseurs to discuss his proposal. Age twenty-nine, height 5 foot 2 inches, slim, and considered attractive."

"Eureka!" cried Dominique, when he had read it. "It is perfect, so business-like. *Mon ami*, you shall be a witness at my marriage with the widow of twenty-nine who is five foot two. It is the best age and height. And six rooms, modern, an apartment of one's dreams! With no rent to pay! A little pension! Come! *chasseur* a taxi auto *vite!*"

WE have mounted by the *ascenseur*. "*Parfait, parfait!*" Dominique murmured, because he is not very active to mount the stairs. And the anti-chamber of the apartment was of an admirable taste, the *salon* a poem. Madame, the *bonne* has told us, was at home. Dominique sat on all the chairs to try them before she should arrive. "*Parfait, parfait!*" he repeated, "one goes to be comfortable here, my old one."

AND Madame, even I who have not in the affair except the interest of a friend, have been enchanted. Such eyes, the hair black like an otter and coiffed to perfection. It was a real Parisienne, *chic*, full of spirit, elegant. The eyes of Dominique were wide with admiration, and it has not been altogether of the *salle de bain* and the furniture that he has talked this time. For me, I have felt a little that I was *de trop*.

ALL arranged itself so well. I could see how Dominique was impatient that he should go to his lawyer to make the settlement. And how he exerted himself to make an impression. It was now the widow that he wanted, and almost he had forgotten the flat. Madame had promised to dine with him in the evening to talk again. We rose to depart.

WHEN we reached the hall it has opened. There was one, two, three, and the eldest had only eight years. "*Maman, Maman!*" they cried all at once.

"Name of a dog! Three!" said Dominique in the taxi, "but at least I am glad that she will come to dinner." For me, I think it would be more economical that he should pay the increased rent of his landlord, but one never knows with Dominique, and the widow is very charming.

PHILIPPE

"There was one—two—three . . . . 'Name of a dog,' said Dominique"

After Seven Years—At the Élysée

WILL THE NEW PRESIDENT (WHOEVER HE MAY BE!) BRING FRANCE INTO HER OWN AGAIN?

BY LANOS

A New Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

THE "international romance," *Drums Afar* (Lane: 7*s.* net), of Mr. John Murray Gibbon is a singularly engaging piece of work. It is the leisurely told story of a London stockbroker's son, who, after St. Paul's and Oxford, sets out to discover things for himself, and after the usual mistakes makes good. It is a long book, of which you read every word with pleasure, even when the author is, perhaps, too ingenuous for the ordinary English reader. The setting is certainly international. At Oxford Charles Fitzmorris makes a friend of Mike Kelly, a lawyer from Chicago with a fastidious palate and a wonderful mother, and has something to do with Mike's securing an English wife. In Germany, while studying military history for his finals, Charles is arrested by the Germans at their manœuvres and placed under observation. And when the drums of war come near, you are shown a *dossier* which is sufficiently startling. At this time, however, only Germany is thinking of war, and Charles, with an indulgent though sensible father at his back, endeavours to frame out a peaceful career for himself.

⁂ ⁂

HE tries his hand at newspaper directorship and writes poems to various ladies, he works at a settlement, ostensibly to help on the cause of education but really on account of a young lady, and he even essays amateur singing with an American girl whom he has met on his travels. You wonder, sympathetically, what he will ultimately do, but those drums far away are coming steadily nearer. The American girl is a trump, and so is her father. Charles determines to try his fortune in that Chicago of which friend Mike has told him so much. He accompanies his new friends to America, and arrives in that historic week when Berlin was so mysteriously 'unloading." And then, when in normal times his future would have been assured, when Madeline and her father are ready to take him into their family, the greater call comes. In a delightful chapter, perhaps the best in the book, you read of Charles seeing and hearing those Canadians he has somehow despised, setting to in real earnest to help the old country. A few hours' conflict between duty and inclination, and then Charles, good fellow that he is, signs on as steward in one of the liners—the quickest method of getting home. And be sure that the girl from Chicago will follow. Mr. Gibbon has a bubbling sense of humour, with what would seem to be a surprisingly vivid memory for the little things that happen to most young people. He writes well and entertainingly, and in a manner which is somehow his own. There are times when you feel that he must be an American, but that is probably not so. He has a good eye for character and considerable wit. *Drums Afar* is a right interesting book, which deserves a success.

⁂ ⁂

THERE are many books describing the various escapes made by prisoners of War, but none, I think, so fantastic or incredible as *The Road to Endor* (Lane: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), by Lieut. E. H. Jones, I.A.R.O., which describes the escape of himself and his friend, E. W. Hill, of the Air Force. They were imprisoned at Yozgad which was not a comfortable place, and for a pastime started a "Spook." They became most accomplished "mediums," practised "telepathy," and fooled the entire camp including the Turkish Commandant and his Interpreter Moïse. The Turks got spiritualism badly, and sought the Spook's advice about a buried treasure and everything else. And then these two jokers turned their pastime to good account. They discovered "clues," sent spirit-messages to the Turkish War Office, and nearly succeeded in their design of kidnapping their guards on a boat. But a friend in the camp was too friendly, and they were obliged to feign madness. And so after incredible adventures they came to Constantinople, fooled the specialists and ultimately obtained their freedom, though only a few days before the Armistice. The book reads like the wildest romance. It is extraordinarily thrilling, and, incidentally, should prove a most useful warning against the follies of the rather hysterical spooking which seems just now so popular. *The Road to Endor* is one of the most unexpected and engaging books for which the War has been responsible, and I hope that the wretched little Moïse will duly receive a copy.

"THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR"

By C. E. B. Bernard

Reckless Reggie !

Nephew: "That was a pretty good dinner we had, shall we have a drink now?"
Uncle: "Man, ye ken A'm teetotal."
Nephew: "A cigar then?"
Uncle: "A dinna smoke."
Nephew: "Oh, do something reckless—remember my firm is paying all the expenses!"
Uncle: "Weel, A think A'll ha'e my boots cleaned here then!"

BY DYKE WHITE

"HEALTH"

BY FITZWILLIAM

HEALTH is exciting only when one has lost it, and then we know by unfortunate club and dinner experiences that it tends to dominate the conversation. That in a way points the direction which our policy should follow. We have to think about health now, while we have it, or the nation will not have it long.

⁂ ⁂

IF I were asked: "Are we unhealthy?" I should not hesitate sweepingly to answer: "We are." The recruiting figures gave Britain an unexpected shock. We did not expect to be told in April, 1918, that less than half the recruits could pass Class A. If that was the state of men aged less than forty, it held out an awful prospect for the men of fifty, the age at which most of us should be in fine physical and mental condition. It is true that the universities and the colliers showed a Class A fitness of 80 per cent., but that makes the position of the rest still worse.

⁂ ⁂

SINCE we have begun to interest ourselves in these matters, we have discovered that in the schools anything between one quarter and one half of the children suffer from rickets, bad teeth, bad eyes, or feeble minds. The annual reports of the sanitary authorities show a steady rise in tuberculosis, and this has nothing to do with town life: tuberculosis is rising in the country also.

⁂ ⁂

NOW health is everybody's business, and the dweller in Mayfair had better understand clearly that a microbe from Whitechapel has no hesitation in crossing Bond Street. Yet the Mayfarian takes little interest in the national health: the problem of his awakening lies, to a great extent, in the hands of Dr. Addison, the Minister. He is not a strong man; one has only to observe the nervous thoughtfulness of his features to be sure of it, but he is a slow, careful, persevering man, and this, perhaps, rather than vigour, fits him for the immense job of arousing the country to its duty and its interest. So one asks oneself what Dr. Addison will do, could do, while the Coalition is in power. I think he could do wonderful things.

⁂ ⁂

ONE thing he might consider is a State Medical Service, in other words put everybody on the panel, and do away with the slight aversion which exists against panel doctors. (A panel doctor is a doctor; that is all we ought to know). I gather that Dr. Addison dislikes this idea, probably because he realises that it would give public opinion a shock, but I doubt whether, as a medical man, he objects as much as all that. Indeed, he may agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw, who wants all doctors to be paid, say, a thousand a year by the State, and to care for, say, a thousand patients. If nobody is ill in his district the doctor would get a thousand a year; but for everybody that was ill he would be fined, say, 10*s*.

⁂ ⁂

ONE should not take this too literally. What Mr. Shaw means is that the doctor's job is to raise the general hygiene, to reduce disease, to prevent it. Dr. Addison could certainly help in reducing disease by extending the present system which *allows* of children being fed in the schools; he might make this *compulsory*, and by so doing provide the highest insurance against disease, namely, a body which can resist it. But disease happens all the same, and so I think we could ask Dr. Addison to consider once more the Insurance Act of 1911, with the passing of which he had something to do, and to hurry on the building of the sanatoria. A less obvious side of the Minister's work could, I think, be propaganda. We are not thinking enough about health. I feel that leaflets explaining to people how to flush drains, how to dispose of rubbish, how to prevent fish and meat from going bad, etc., should be distributed in millions. Also there is the preparation of food; I am sure that every town should have a number of cooking schools to teach the art of the kitchen, because ill-cooked food is noxious food. The prospect is endless. We want more midwives, district nurses, home helps, more soap and more sanity. If Dr. Addison is able to carry through this work he will have deserved more than many who figure in politics in a more meteoric way.

"OUR GUEST"

Mr. Pussyfoot:—"I'm a' goin' ter make ye dry over here. This'll do it, I guess, mister"
British Workman:—"Guess again, Pussy!"

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.

Un-Parliamentary Portraits: No. IV. "Health"

THE RT. HON. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON, P.C., M.D., M.P.

By A. H. D'EGVILLE

Temples of Terpsichore—"The Old Stager—Still Running"

The type of dance-club so cleverly portrayed above is, of course, among the smartest. But there is another point about it. It is one of those which, starting as night-clubs of the highest class in pre-war days, carried on through the War, and have now blossomed forth into the very best kind of dance-club. And this one is, perhaps, the most famous of them all

BY HELEN McKIE

Monte Carlo while you Wait

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

Illustrated by PIZER

No. VII.—"Ca' Canny" and the Whole Gamut

WHEN Althea Thorne left Roc Azur to redeem a stray husband, and Mrs. Macadean departed for Paris to choose a *trousseau*, the two best rooms in the villa were vacant. A third also lost its occupant: the tiny room which, by Dolores' request, had for a fortnight sheltered "Mr. Ivan Orthis," *alias* the "Devil." But then, it followed as a matter of course that when Dolores went he would go also, for theirs had become a case of "Mary and her Lamb."

Some Marys and some Lambs at Monte Carlo are scarcely ideal couples; but everyone agreed that the romance of Dolores Macadean and Ivan Orthis was "too sweet for words." Indeed, it would have been too good to be true, if only it weren't too strange *not* to be true.

That was the first half of the romance. The second was the stranger half: those "enquiries" reaching like a searchlight to Bolshevic Russia, and spotting the real "traitor" whose red mantle of guilt had lain on Orthis' shoulders. The next act was an apology from father to son, and a proposal of marriage from rescued to rescuer. When Dolores went to Paris, the Prince went to London, and their story somehow leaking into the newspapers, behold a free advertisement for Roc Azur!

Sir Berrian Borrodaile had a number of applications on the strength of it, from would-be paying guests; and as this happened while Mrs. Phillips still ruled the roast, two unmarried ladies and one man were accepted. It was only when the tyrant of Roc Azur was dramatically ousted, that the "no chaperon" bogey appeared like a Brontosaurus. But that event had nothing to do at the outset with Miss Minto, Miss Vail, or "Ca' Canny."

These were the three who came to fill the vacant places, and it was no longer the man who occupied the once-upon-a-time box-room! No, Sir James Sprott, Bart., of Bradford, Yorkshire ("Ca' Canny" was the name bestowed upon him, for reasons, by Borrodaile), had the best room. If there had been a better one he would have had that.

Miss Minto had the room transformed in a day from box-room to bed-chamber for 'Mr. Orthis," and was shocked at herself—deliciously shocked!—for even that extravagance. The least you paid per week in other quarters at the "Roc" was five-and-twenty guineas; but Rosaleen Malone pointed out to her *fiancé*, in arranging terms for "the cubby-hole," that it *wasn't* a room, and hadn't existed as such when the Monte Carlo scheme was proposed. Therefore its price, "inclusive," was "only ten guineas," and Miss Minto used her trunk for a table, and was terribly happy.

As for Miss Vail, she agreed to the twenty-five guineas. She was "well connected," knew everyone who ought to be known, had intensely suitable dresses for every occasion, aristocratic features, blue blood (a little had settled at the end of her nose), and the manner of a queen in exile. "All the same," warned Rosaleen, "I wouldn't let her *owe* for more than a week if I were you, Berry. If ever a woman's eyes simply shouted 'I'm on the make,' it's *that* woman's."

This Berry believed, for the Irish eyes of Rosaleen had "second sight," he thought. If she liked a person whom he disliked, he tried to change his mind; and so, when Rose said "There's something in 'Ca' Canny' nicer than shows on the surface," Borrodaile sighed, "All right, then; I'll hope for the best."

The surface certainly didn't attract—at least, it didn't Berry and Rosaleen, though it seemed from the first to have its appeal for two very different creatures: Miss Vail and Miss Minot—oh, but as different as possible! Miss Vail would have insisted upon that.

Sir James was a "War Bart." and a War profiteer, though perhaps—to do him justice—he hadn't meant to profiteer. The cotton was *there*, and he was there. On top pelted the shekels, bombarding his devoted head.

MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (continued)

It was a hard head to crack, and a bullet head in shape. If his jaw hadn't been so aggressive you might have noticed at times that his eyes were oddly wistful. Rosaleen, indeed, did notice this, and the fact excited her interest, because there was the man's colossal conceit as well as the jaw to contradict it. By and by, however, she solved the mystery by a flash of inspiration—or thought she had.

Sir James Sprott was conceited about his title, and money, and self-madeness in general. Yet he wasn't conceited about himself. He went about with a chip on his shoulder, and seemed to warn people he met, "I've got a title and I've got money. I've got all the things you want. But you won't fool me. *I* know why you make up to me all right. It's not for what I am, but what I have. And you'll not get anything out of me I don't wish you to get."

He had never had time for fun till now, and he'd always heard that Monte Carlo was the place to have it. That was why he had come, and he was enchanted with everything. But he was far too canny to show his delight. He even tried to grumble a little. Too much sunshine! Too much Reckitt's blue in the sky and sea! Nevertheless, the rich beauty of flowers and palms, and jewelled, languorous-eyed women went to his head. He was afraid of losing it—and losing his heart as well.

Not that he was against marriage for himself; but the side of his nature which went with the jaw wanted a wife like Miss Vail, for instance, who could introduce him to "high society," and give him "swell relations-in-law," as *quid pro quo* for his title and money. Common sense said that he wasn't a fellow to be loved for himself. He couldn't expect it. Soon, conceit of possessions told Sir James that Miss Vail would willingly become Lady Sprott, and make him second cousin to a Duke; which would be a good thing. But the side of his nature which went with his eyes warmed to Miss Minto as the mountains behind Monte Carlo warm rosily to the sun.

"Ca' canny, ca' canny!" the man reminded himself ten times a day. "She's after what ye've got just as much as Miss Vail is, and she hasn't any thing to give in return. If she *loved* ye, it would be different. But, of course, she doesn't. So keep yer head, m'man."

It was true that Miss Minto had nothing to give except love (if any) to such a man as Sir James Sprott. She wasn't very young, only a few years younger than Miss Vail—say thirty-six—nine years less than had Sprott himself. Except for a pair of childlike blue eyes which could never grow old, she was merely "prettyish." But she was as sweet, as utterly feminine as any heroine in the long list of her dead father's once famous novels; and it was because of those novels that Cordelia Minto (named after King Lear's Cordelia) was at Monte Carlo.

Theodore Minto had written fifteen novels, each one more successful than the other, in the days when girls fainted and wore dress improvers. But he had died when Cordelia was eight, having lost most of his earnings in the crash of a great building scheme, so all that was left of his success for the child was his memory, a tiny cottage near Southsea, and a still tinier income.

Her favourite among her father's works was "A Riviera Romance." It read almost better than if he'd really seen Nice, Mentone, and the place he described as "dazzling, dangerous Monte Carlo." So when a wonderful thing happened (the only wonderful thing that ever had) Miss Minto made straight for the scene of the book.

The thing was a letter. It came from the managing director of a cinema company, who had somehow unearthed "A Riviera Romance." As a book it was out of date, but it had a just-right plot for a moving picture. Mr. Goldberg would give two hundred pounds on account of royalties, and a percentage to be agreed upon. At last the sleeping beauty of Theodore Minto's fame had been waked again, with a kiss!

The manager, in a huge motor-car, followed his letter, saw the Southsea shrine, and took away copies of all the sacred works to look over. The consequence was that ten out of fifteen were selected as suitable. But "A Riviera Romance" was to be done first, and on the spot—a spot that flickered from Mentone to Monte, and Monte to Nice. Cordelia was almost prostrated with joy, partly for her father's sake, partly for her own. She would be richer than her wildest dreams. No more worry, no more scrimping. Yet she insisted on one condition: she must approve the scenarios of her father's books. They must be worthy of his fame. But, seeing her deeply in earnest, he agreed. And "because he was dead certain she'd approve," Mr. Goldberg paid the first two hundred pounds on the signing of the contract.

As soon afterwards as she could get a passport, Miss Minto started for Monte Carlo, in order to be there before the company. Roc Azur (which she'd heard of by accident) was all she'd hoped for and more—much more: because there was Sir James Sprott. It seemed somehow *meant*, that she should be in the house with him, because to her mind he was exactly like the hero of "A Riviera Romance."

Yes, he was just as strong, if not quite so silent, as Sir Geoffrey Jordan—also a self-made man—the great financier with "an iron face and a heart of gold."

At first, she had the thrilling fancy that he was attracted by her as she by him; but soon his manner changed. His attention was mostly for Miss Vail, and Cordelia's chagrin would have been funny had it not been pathetic, when Ermyntrude Vail was selected to help him play his system.

She had to console herself as best she could with the thought that Mr. Goldberg might arrive any day now, in advance of the company, to map out his sites. He would bring the finished scenario which he was sure she'd approve: and no doubt he was right. She would interest herself in the picture taking, and forget that the hero with the iron face didn't care a rap for her.

He didn't, it seemed, even care about the event in which most of the party at least pretended interest:

(*Continued on page 186*)

"The Wide World at His Feet"

Photograph *Mahoney*

THE SKI-ER: A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY IN SWITZERLAND

the arrival of Mr. Goldberg. That gentleman wired the hour of his coming, but Sir James went off to the Casino with Miss Vail as usual.

Berry had nicknamed the Yorkshire man "Ca' Canny" after their first talk about systems.

"If I'm going to gamble on a game with six or seven different sorts of chances in it," the "War Bart." said, "I want to be onto each one of 'em. And what's more, I don't want to throw away an extra lot o' my good money doin' it. Now, what system can ye show me that puts me more or less onto everything, and puts me on *cheap?*"

"I can show you," replied Berry,

THE WHOLE GAMUT.

"This system," he went on, "you play with a flat stake: that is, always the same unit, never increasing after losses. Or anyhow, you do it that way for thirty-six spins, after which, if you've lost every single coup—amazing bad luck, and very rare—you're out only thirty-six pieces. When that happens—if it does happen—you can, if you like, make your unit for the next thirty-six spins twice the amount it was before; ten francs instead of five francs, or two louis instead of one. But that's a matter of taste, and the game is essentially a flat stake game.

"You would *enjoy* a splash on numbers *en plein* at Roulette; but you're too canny to fling your money about like that. Well, playing The Whole Gamut, you can go for a number without much danger.

"Say you pick out Seventeen, which is considered a lucky number by superstitious persons. But before chasing it haphazard, you look for a table where (by glancing at people's cards) you see that Seventeen hasn't shown for a long time, or else that it's "coming out" often. Either way gives you a good chance. If Seventeen has been "shy," it must soon or late make up its mathematical average. If, on the other hand, it is repeating, that's a sign it has now *begun* to make up!

"Seventeen is a black number. Instead of going for it *en plein* with thirty-five chances and zero against you, 'The Whole Gamut' orders your first bet to be black. If you win—either on your own number or, as is more probably, on some other black one—you count that you're beginning again. Once more you bet black, and so on, while you win; so you see, on this game, you can do well on a long run of a colour.

"If you lose your black bet, however, you say to yourself, 'Seventeen is in the middle dozen. I'll go for it with the middle dozen.' You may easily win the two pieces which this chance gives, on that dozen without getting seventeen! And on that stage, as well as *every* other, a win sends you back at once to your simple chance. Should you lose on the dozen, you put a piece on the first six of the middle dozen, for Seventeen lies there. The six, or *sixaine*, gives a win of five pieces for one, so if you succeed there, you do very well. But if you fail, you must try the four, or '*carré*' where Seventeen lurks. A win there gives eight pieces for one. Next, your hope is, the three numbers lying together on the board, 16, 17, 18. A win brings you eleven pieces. Failure drives you to the 'cheval,' two numbers, one of which is Seventeen, and for a win there you get seventeen pieces. But suppose you've lost every time, you have still Seventeen *en plein* before you!

"Your first bet on the simple chance (black) if it failed, wasn't repeated. The same with your loss on the dozen. On the *sixaine*, however, you had three goes; in case of loss: three also on the *carré*. On the three (*transversale plein*) you had the same. The cheval gave you six chances, if you lost; and at last, on the number itself you had seventeen bets, to retrieve yourself before counting that you'd got a 'bust.' So you see, you've a good long run for your money; and it's seldom you don't pick up a fair number of pieces on the 'Gamut,' even though the number you want never shows its nose."

"Cordelia couldn't help gazing at him—when he talked of himself, which he not infrequently did"

. . . . . .

"Mascottes" and "helpers" were the fashion among the system-players of Roc Azur, therefore, Ca' Canny accepted the offer of Miss Vail. But first aid was not needed in the "Whole Gamut" game; and after the first day Miss Vail's duty consisted in looking over Sir James's shoulder, or sitting down on a distant seat when she grew tired, for she never risked a piece for herself, nor did Ca' Canny propose to risk one for her!

On the day when the manager of Goldberg's Pictures, Ltd., was expected, Miss Vail's curiosity overcame the prudent wish to annex Sir James. Goldberg must be rich, and perhaps might serve as second fiddle!

Ca' Canny was doing well with a two louis unit, and forgot his luncheon. He forgot also the presence of Miss Vail, but, strangely enough, he was not able to forget Miss Minto.

"Her poor wretched little hundreds, for a few measly films!" he thought, as he played. "How keen she is on getting them, though she looks such a country lassie for her age! Tries to make me believe it's for her father's fame she cares. Guess

(*Continued on page 200*)

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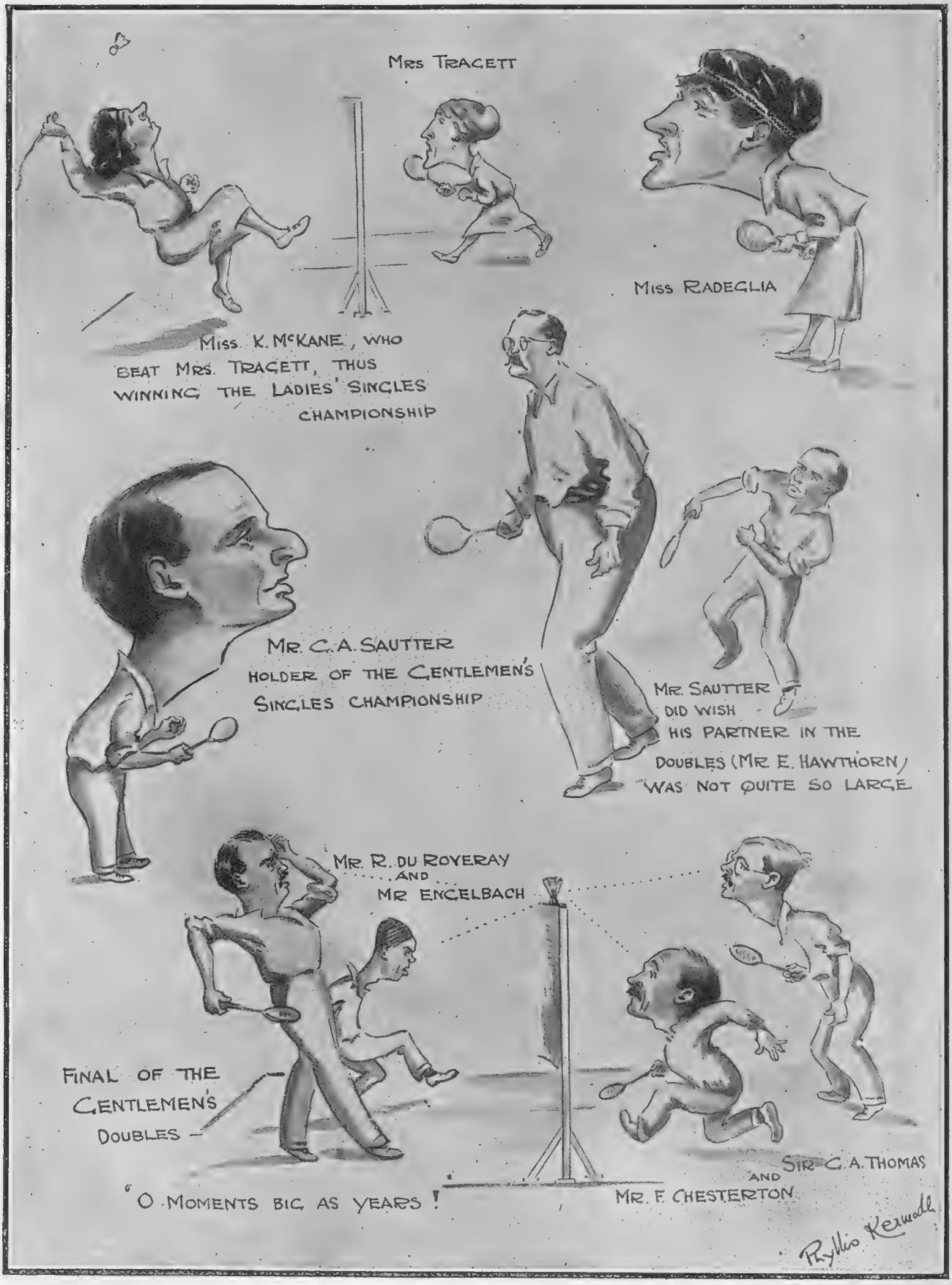
Celebrities of the Badminton World—



—Sketched during the progress of the second Post-War Open Tournament in the Ealing Badminton Hall, where a large gathering of players and onlookers were present to celebrate the revival of a popular game. The event is commented upon on the following page.

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

GAMES & PASTIMES

THE OXFORD EIGHT IN EMBRYO
The first eight men to be tried for the forthcoming 'Varsity Boat Race, photographed after their first outing on Wednesday last

ROWING

The 'Varsity Boat Race

SATURDAY, March 27, is given as the probable date of the University Boat Race, and training has already begun. One of the surprises of last summer was the excellence of the crews put on at Henley by Oxford and Cambridge for the King's Cup. It is true that neither of them won it, but that Cambridge were a bit unlucky to lose to the winners in the semi-final (Oxford were beaten in the final) is indicated by the fact that later on in Paris they turned the tables on their Henley conquerors. Four of that eight and the cox. are still available. The trials at both 'Varsities, too, were very satisfactory, and the chosen few from whom the final selection is now in course of being made are the pick of some very good material. In fact, I think we shall find that the standard of the rowing in the two eights will be very little, if at all, below what it was in pre-war years. Both crews will spend about a week at Henley as usual before appearing on the tide-way, but they will not be there together. Oxford will arrive at Henley on February 24, and Cambridge will come on from Ely just as they are leaving. Oxford will have a few days' rest before going to Putney, where Cambridge are due to arrive on March 11.

BADMINTON

Reconstruction Retarded

ALTHOUGH there are plenty of players and no lack of enthusiasm among them, the revival of badminton has been attended with considerable difficulty. This is due to the fact that badminton before the War was played mainly in places which were used for other purposes as well, such as the Crystal Palace, the Alexandra Palace, and certain drill halls, public halls, and buildings of a similar type. Most of these places have been utilised for various War purposes since 1914; some of them have become available for badminton again, some are not yet available, though they may be some day, and some are probably lost for good and all.

Plenty of Players

SOME few clubs, like the Logan Club, at Earl's Court (where

CREW-BUILDING AT CAMBRIDGE
Eight Cambridge "possibles" photographed on the Cam during the early stages of training

they also play bridge), have premises of their very own. For them the process of reconstruction was a comparatively simple matter, and the rush that took place to join these clubs as soon as they got going is sufficient evidence of the popularity of the pastime. But there must be many keen players up and down the country who, metaphorically speaking, are all dressed-up for badminton with nowhere to go.

Tournament Play Resumed

THE number of open tournaments, too, is quite small. Formerly, in the height of the badminton season, there was a tournament pretty well every week, and sometimes two. This season two have already been held, and there are only five more at present on the list. For this the shortage of halls is partly, but not altogether, accountable. A certain lack of enterprise has been shown by promoters of tournaments in places where they were successfully held before the War, and could be held again. Financial reasons have probably been the deterrent; they have doubtless felt unprepared to face the risk of a possible loss to their clubs or even to themselves. If this is so, I think their fears would have proved groundless—judging by actual results.

NO, HE HASN'T!

Has the Luton Goalkeeper, who is fisting the ball away from his goal, got his colleague by the hair? The answer is No, though it looks like it at first sight. The incident occurred in the replayed cup-tie last Thursday in which Luton beat Coventry City by a goal to nil

Experts at Ealing

THE two tournaments which have been held so far have both been completely successful. The first was the London Championship meeting at the Logan Club and the second the Middlesex Championship meeting at Ealing. At both there was a "full house." The noteworthy points about the Ealing gathering (of which some caricatures appear on p. 188) is that lawn tennis players figured prominently in all the events and that the champions of pre-War days did not have matters entirely their own way. Miss K. McKane, who won the ladies' singles, and with her sister, Miss M. McKane, the ladies' doubles, climbed right to the topmost branches of the lawn tennis tree last summer, and her ascent, in the case of badminton, has been equally rapid. It is quite on the cards that she will carry off the All-England Championship in March at the first time of asking.

H.S.S.

TURF

BIG VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

"The Winner."

It does not take a connoisseur to appreciate the good points of a "Turf" Cigarette. Beautifully made of pedigree tobacco from Raleigh's Old Belt Plantation in America, it is the Universal favourite—that rare kind of favourite which "wins easily" every day in the year.

On the Course, and off it,
No cigarette's as fine,
As that which has the circle
And winged white horse for sign.

Turf Big 20 - 1/4 Turf Derby 20 - 1/2

Of all Tobacconists.

Alexander Boguslavsky, Ltd.
Specialists in Cigarettes,
55, Piccadilly, W.

REPUTATION

WHY THE CHAPPELL HAS BECOME THE STANDARD PIANOFORTE

Reputations are not easily made in the musical world; yet Great Masters of the Keyboard, no less than their appreciative audiences, have accorded the Chappell Piano a position of supremacy which has raised it to the Standard by which all pianos are judged.

Visitors will be cordially welcomed to the Chappell Showrooms, and are invited to hear for themselves the qualities of tone, volume and perfection of scaling, which have given the Chappell Piano his distinction.

CHAPPELL

Showrooms:—
50, New Bond Street,
London, W.1.

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"By Field, Stream and Covert"

RESIGNING

Mr. Frank Verrall, who has decided to resign the mastership of the Brighton and Brookside Harriers at the end of the season, has held office since 1915

MISS FLORENCE GARTH AND HER STEP-FATHER

Miss Garth is engaged to Captain Henry Mather Jackson, eldest son of Sir Henry Mather Jackson. Miss Garth is a keen judge of a horse and rider to hounds. She is the step-daughter of Mr. Hubert Hartigan, the well-known racehorse owner, who is seen in the picture

A MEET OF THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS AT COTTESBROOKE

The Master, Sir Charles Frederick, Lady Frederick, and the huntsman, photographed at the meet

RACING NOTIONS

NEWBURY PROSPECTS.

BY "CARBINE"

"Jimmy"

OUR artist gives us a characteristic impression of Mr. James de Rothschild, who of all racing men is probably dearest to the heart of the caricaturist. He certainly is a picturesque figure, nd he is popular, too, with the rank-and-file of racegoers, who admire a plucky bettor. I do not think Mr. Rothschild bets so freely as he did about a dozen years ago. Once when he was reported to be losing heavily a well-meaning friend thought it well to speak to one of the heads of the Rothschild family about his heavy betting. "Oh! you need not worry about 'Jimmy,'" was the reassuring reply, "he's got far more money than he is likely to lose racing—and, besides, he's no fool!" The bookies will agree with the latter part of this remark after the coup he landed with Brigand in the Cambridgeshire. He is reported to have won about £65,000 over the race, and never took less than 33 to 1 to his money! That is by no means the only time he has beaten the ring. He prefers backing long shots rather than red-hot favourites.

"JIMMY"

Mr. James de Rothschild, also known as "Brigand" since his remunerative success in the Cambridgeshire, is a prominent figure on the Turf

BY "THE TOUT"

Grand National

WE do not expect surprises in the entry for the Grand National. We can generally name beforehand the horses that are likely to be entered. At any rate, we should not miss any of those who appear to have any chance of success. I suppose we could never have a really uninteresting Grand National. So many mishaps can find their way into the greatest steeplechase, that the backers of even the hottest favourite do not feel really confident until

(*Continued on page 196*)

The Castlebank Service

What it Means to You

By Donald Howat

IN a sentence, this Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing Service stands as a bulwark between your pocket and the high prices of all Clothing—both women's and men's. When one reflects that the older cloths are vastly superior in wearing qualities to present-day fabrics, you will agree that it is better to invest a few shillings in having your older suits and costumes cleaned and repaired—rather than spend pounds on new clothes made of material that *will not* withstand wear. Scotland has long been recognised as the home of Cleaning and Dyeing—and, as any Scottish friend will tell you—Castlebank Dyeworks are regarded as having raised Dyeing, Cleaning, and Repairing to the level of an Art. Little wonder, since this famous firm have adopted in equipment and in craftsmanship, not only the best that is British, but the best that is French. They own exclusive rights in the secret "Franco-Barbe" Process of Cleaning and Dyeing—the Lyons invention which has helped to give the Frenchwoman her "chic" and, incidentally, has saved her many many francs in her dress bill. Even Nature seems to have lent a hand to make "Franco-Barbe" Dyeing supreme—for Loch Katrine, from whence Glasgow draws its water supply, is famous for the softness of its water, which renders it ideal for dyeing purposes. A striking example of the intelligent, live methods of this firm, is that admirable "Khaki Conversion" Service which they have created for the demobilised officer and man. Khaki garments—compulsorily discarded and yet, be it remembered, of splendid stuff—are dyed in a super-excellent manner, and then skilled men tailors so cleverly convert them that they can be immediately brought into use again as really first-class, smart, civilian garments. And this at a cost which is probably only about one-tenth of the price of new "civvies" to-day. For instance:

Sending them off.

British Warms (Officers') Dyed into Dark Navy, Dark Brown or Black; all military details are removed, new collar of excellent quality to tone with new colour affixed, and new buttons are supplied. This costs One Guinea:

Altered by expert tailors.

British Warms (Men's), Great Coats (Officers' and Men's) Dyed into Dark Navy, Dark Brown or Black. The Dyeing charge is 12/6. New velvet collar, removal of shoulder straps and new buttons—costing 14/6 to 15/6. Where no velvet collar is desired there is a reduction of 3/6 to 4/6. Taking pleat out of back and finishing with or without vent, 3/-. Shortening, 4/-. Shortening or lengthening sleeves 2/6.

Amongst the hundreds of orders which I saw at Castlebank Dyeworks, I was particularly interested to notice that every rank, from Generals to Privates, were taking full advantage of this unique Khaki Service, and among the many letters of appreciation I have seen, I liked particularly this one, it seems to put the matter in a nutshell:—

(Address)

"I acknowledge receipt of British Warm, dyed and altered by you. I must say it is now very difficult to tell it ever was a British Warm, and I take this opportunity of thanking you for your work. It is certainly the cheapest stunt I have run across since my return to England. If I have the opportunity of recommending you to any friends I shall most certainly do so."

(Name)

The point of the foregoing is this, that the present price of clothes need no longer be a nightmare to you. So that whether it be a discarded Khaki Outfit, a soiled old business suit, or a weatherproof or costume, it should be sent off without delay to Castlebank. In a day or two you receive a pro-forma invoice of cost for "Franco-Barbe" cleaning or dyeing and repairing.

There is an interesting story price-list—the Fleur-de-Lys and "Khaki" leaflet, which give very full details, sent free on request to Dept. B.W.

Castlebank
ANNIESLAND Dyeworks
GLASGOW

In the best of health thanks to—

OXO

Oxo is a body-building food of extraordinary value. It gives an abundance of health and energy out of all proportion to the amount taken.

A daily cup of Oxo increases nutrition and fortifies the system against the risk of colds, chills, and influenza.

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers:
OXO LIMITED, Thames House, London, E.C. 4.

The Perfume of Ceylon

Wana-Ranee Reg.

UNIQUE in its distinction and mystic charm, Wana-Ranee is a Queen among Perfumes. Richly eastern in character and exquisitely floral it is

A Dream of Oriental Fragrance

wonderfully lasting and refreshing

Wana-Ranee is prepared in every form necessary for the perfectly harmonious toilet which distinguishes the woman of taste.

Perfume, 4/6, 9/-, 17/6, 27/6 and 52/6 per bottle;
Hair Lotion, 7/9; Toilet Water 7/-;
Face Powder, 9½d. and 1/4; Dental Cream, 1/4;
Soap, 1/- and 1/9 per tablet; Cachous, 6½d.;
Sachets, 7½d.; Toilet Cream, 1/3;
Bath Crystals, 3/6 and 6/3;
Shampoo Powders, 3d. each;
Powder Leaf Books, 7½d.; Brilliantine 2/-.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers

J. GROSSMITH & SON LTD.
Distillers of Perfumes
NEWGATE ST. LONDON E.C.

RACING NOTIONS (concluded)

he has got over the last jump. If you are riding in the National you only want a riderless horse to baulk you at one of the big fences or your mount to take off a shade too soon to put "paid" to your hopes of success. To win at Aintree a horse wants any luck that may be going as well as great stamina and exceptional jumping powers.

Poethlyn's Luck

I HAPPENED to be at dinner on the night of the Grand National last year with the trainer of Ballyboggan. He vowed that his horse would certainly have won the race if the fences had been as stiff as usual. He declared that Poethlyn had "taken a liberty" at several of the jumps. This would have been a fatal mistake in ordinary years, but last season the fences chanced to be less impenetrable than usual owing to the fact that they had not been strengthened during the War. And so Poethlyn was able to brush through the top of several of the obstacles. It would be well for Mrs. Peel's champion not to attempt the same tricks this year, as I understand that efforts have been made to get the fences back to their pre-war standard.

SIR JAMES BUCHANAN

One of the New Year Baronets, well known as an all-round sportsman and owner and breeder of blood-stock. A man of great wealth, he is a generous supporter of charities, but nearly always anonymously

At Newbury

WE look like having some interesting racing at Newbury this week. Among the various sporting events on Wednesday will be the United Services Steeplechase, in which I expect to see Ardonagh make a good show. Plenty of good young jumpers are engaged in the Four-Year-Old Hurdle Race, in which Off Chance seems to me to possess better prospects than her name implies. The Sefton Maiden Steeplechase is rather a dangerous race to meddle with, but if I get any encouragement to believe that Garryvoe has taken kindly to fences I shall not let him run loose. He certainly seems to be cut out for the game. On the second day we get a similar race over hurdles, and although his latest display was not particularly glorious, I shall give White Heat another chance. At Windsor on Friday Jute may win the Clarence Hurdle Race, and Daydawn - the Over-the-Top Steeplechase on the second day. I like the name of the last event.

No. 289.

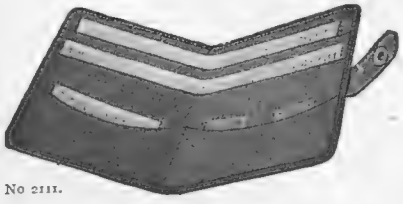
No. 288.—**Pigskin Cigarette Case**, to hold 30 Cigarettes £0 15 0
No. 288A.—Ditto, lined silk 1 1 0
No. 289.—Ditto, ditto, superior quality, lined pigskin ... 1 5 0
No. 290.—**Combination Pigskin Cigarette Case and Tobacco Pouch** 0 17 6

HUNTING WHIPS.

No. 216B.—Hunting Whip, Gentlemen's best all whalebone, braided gut, pigskin leather hand-part, two silver collars, with thong complete £4 7 6
Ditto, ditto, Ladies' size 3 15 0

TREASURY NOTE CASE.

No. 2111.—Treasury Note Case, very soft and flat, in pigskin, lined silk £0 15 0
No. 2112.—Ditto, fine sealskin, black, brown, dark green or dark blue, lined silk £0 17 6



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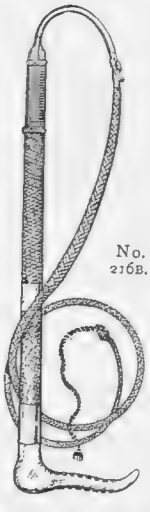

No. 216B.

Packing and Postage Inland 1/-, abroad 1/6 extra. Send for **NEW** *Illustrated List of Military Equipment.*

SWAINE & ADENEY
By Appointment to H.M. the King,
185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

No. 1.—Necklet of famous Ciro Pearls (16" long). Price £1:1:0. Gold Clasp 2/6 extra. Longer necklets at proportionate rates.

Ciro Pearls

APOLOGY

Our business has been built on satisfaction—first, last, and all the time—to every customer. We regard the individual's complete satisfaction as the bedrock of our business. **We therefore urge if you are not fully satisfied with a purchase made—during the Xmas rush,** or at any time when we were, perhaps, not able to pay the individual attention to each customer that we desire—to acquaint us immediately. **We insist upon every customer being satisfied.**

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

We will send you a Necklet, a Ring, or any Jewel of Ciro Pearls on approbation for one week upon receipt of **£1 : 1 : 0.** Put them beside any real pearls or any other artificial pearls, and if they are not equal to the real or superior to the other artificial pearls, no matter what their price may be, return them to us within seven days, and we will refund your money.
Provincial customers may send their orders by the post, and will receive the same attention as if they called upon us personally.

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No. 7 WILL INTEREST YOU.

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There is one best in Everything

The Quality Dressing
for your Black Boots

MELTONIAN
CREAM

Supplied in Black & White. Sold in Bottles 1/- & 1/9. In Tubes 1/3
Manufactured by E. BROWN & SON LTD., 7 Garrick St. LONDON. W.C.2.
Paris: 26, Rue Bergère. New York: Sole Agents, Salomon & Phillips, 174, William St.

Take the Grand Prix ASPIRIN

Write to-day for a Free Sample of Genasprin — the flawless brand of aspirin — which won the highest possible awards — Grand Prix and Gold Medal — at the International Hygiene Exhibition (Milan, 1919), in open competition against all other brands.

Doctors prescribe Genasprin — for Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Colds, etc. — because they know that it is absolutely pure and therefore non-injurious.

To obtain the Free Sample simply address a stamped envelope to yourself — write the name of this paper on inside flap — and then post it to us.

(All chemists stock Genasprin — or can get it for you — in bottles of 35 tablets, price 2/-)

GENASPRIN

GENATOSAN, LIMITED
(Makers of Sanatogen, Formamint, etc.)
12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.
(Chairman: The Viscountess Rhondda)

Craven Tales by Bob Blender, Jnr.

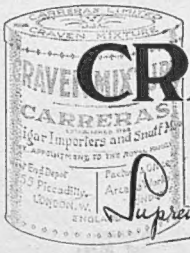
Mr. Pickwick meets my father.

. . . Along the Cornhill this day, where I encounter my old Friend Mr. Pickwick, and learn that he is but lately discharged from the Fleet prison for debtors. "A matter of principle took me there, Blender," he said, "and a matter of principle brought me out again. But, Sir, I assure you that I should have left the awful place much earlier had they denied me access to that ineffable consolation of your blending—'Craven Mixture.'"

Bob Blender

2 ozs. .. 2/2 4 ozs. .. 4/4

Packed in air-tight tins.
Of all high-class tobacconists.



CRAVEN
MIXTURE

Supreme Since the Sixties

S. & O. S. *Made by Carreras, Ltd., London, E.C.*

Motoring & Aviation

More talk, but still no cars, or, at least, none worth talking about; all we get nowadays is amalgamation of interests in various trades, asking the public to find them the money to go into business on "quantity production" lines. The latest "talking" production is the St. George car, a 20 h.p. six-cylinder to sell at £350 (when they do get made), no doubt with the usual "open" clause in the contract which leaves the quoted price a mere expression, a figure of speech, so as to say. So full of enthusiasm are those responsible that it is proposed to pay no one in the works less than £1 per day, and to manufacture at the rate of 25,000 cars of ye patron saint of Olde England per annum. When, did you ask me? Goodness only knows. I should think in about three to five years' time, if I am any judge of the preliminary work and organisation to be done to get a works going, fully equipped, and materials ordered and parts manufactured from the zero point. But good luck to its organisers is all I can say, for these schemes will all tend to let us get motor carriages cheaper in the long run, if we live long enough to see some of them grow to maturity.

* * *

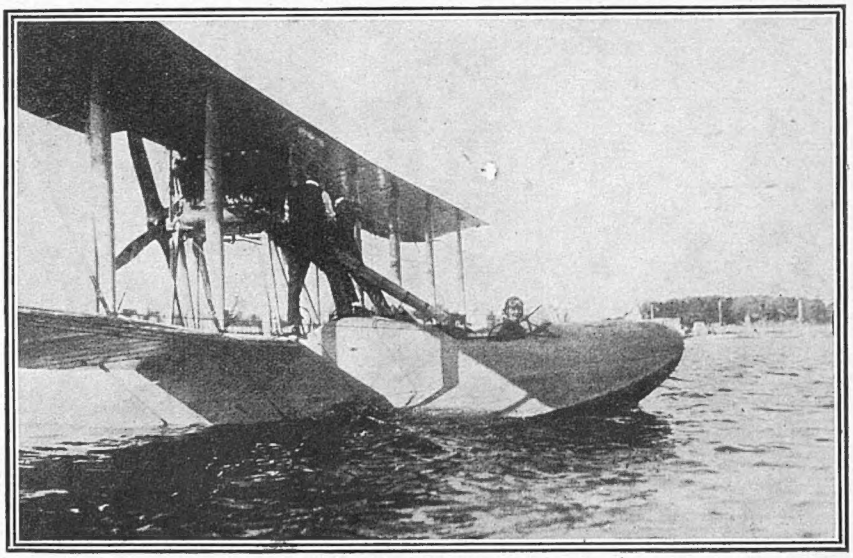
At the Olympia Motor Show last November, when the agents of the U.S.A. Willys-Overland cars in this country gathered together at the Palace Hotel, Kensington, to lunch and hear Mr. Edwin B. Jackson, the vice-President of that American company, deliver an oration on the future prospects and intentions of that firm, a statement was made that disclosed the now public announcement of the new Willys - Overland - cum - Crossley arrangement. Caps off to Billy Letts for so successfully finding such a good client to take over the white elephant extension of the Crossley factory. They did not want it for their own goods, as it was built for War aeroplanes, and the Armistice was declared before it had got into full swing. Now as a factory to produce Overland cars in England, first by assembling the imported parts and then manufacturing them, it is quite a commercial project and with the "push" and organisation of the Toledo works behind them this is sure to produce the goods. Here it is expected that 7,000 Overlands will be erected and placed on the British markets during this year. Well, we shall see, but though this figure sounds a bit big to me, no doubt many hundred cars will pass through here before the year is out.

* * *

It is really wonderful how aviation is going to transform the appearance of our country, and every other country too. In the first place, air travel is getting more popular every day, and so those that use it are flattening the land. Next, lighthouses to guide the pilots of air machines at night-time will soon be scattered all over the country, with their beams flashing at varied intervals. In fact, the experimental lighthouse at Hounslow quite frightened an old lady the other day by its sudden bright rays, as she thought war must have broken out again, and the search-lights were at work once more. Then, of course, there are the night-landing lights in use at the various aerodromes, which create quite an aurora of effulgence in their neighbourhood, reflected off the ground, while the recent official promulgation of signals for use by civil aircraft open up a vista of twinkling stars at eventide that will confound the amateur astronomers in their varied colouring. Air travel will doubtless wake up the ground worms to improve their methods of transport, so that the time will not be far distant when the monorail, or some such system, will be the rule, and express trains run at over 100 miles an hour. These and improved roads for fast motor traffic, tunnelled ways for all goods in the cities, aircraft to carry 100 persons at one time, bring to anyone who has the slightest imagination just a slight picture of what travel is going to be like in the next decade. Then most people will look out for the name of their station depicted in bold letters on the roofs of the buildings, while descents by parachute on non-stop air routes will be an everyday occurrence, while now that Rolls-Royce are going to build their world-famed cars in America to sell to the 'cuties there, who knows but we may be dumping cars to the States by then? Drat that alarm clock. I suppose I must wake up. Old Hy.

The Claudel-Hobson Carburettor makes history.—First direct Atlantic Flight: England - America - England on R. 34: England to Australia.—H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W. 1.

Motorists! make C.A.V. your mascot and your lighting and starting troubles will disappear. Write for fully descriptive booklet, sent post free, C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., Acton, W. 3.



AFTER COMPLETING A "HAT TRICK'

Mme. Germaine Madeleine, representative of a well-known departmental store in New York, has made a record-breaking trip from Palm Beach to Havana, Cuba, by aeroplane, carrying with her a cargo of the latest styles in women's hats. By train or steamship it would take fifteen hours, but Mme. Madeleine made it in less than four hours, and here she is on the completion of her flight. The machine, H.S. 2L., is in the service of the American Transoceanic Co. It was piloted by a former Naval aviator

The Proved Best

NAPIER

British Built

40/50 H.P.
SIX-CYLINDER MOTOR CARRIAGES

DISTINCTION!

THE 40/50 h.p. NAPIER is a car of distinction. Of entirely new design it is *the* really up-to-date high class motor carriage.

The light weight per h.p. developed, new design of frame and anti-rolling device makes the NAPIER distinctive.

Full particulars on application.

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.
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Distinctive Features

THE combination of features exclusive to the Chalmers make it stand out, clear cut, against the hazy background of ordinary cars. Among these is its simplicity of design, and—owing to its Hot Spot and Ram's Horn — complete absence of vibration.

The "Hot Spot"

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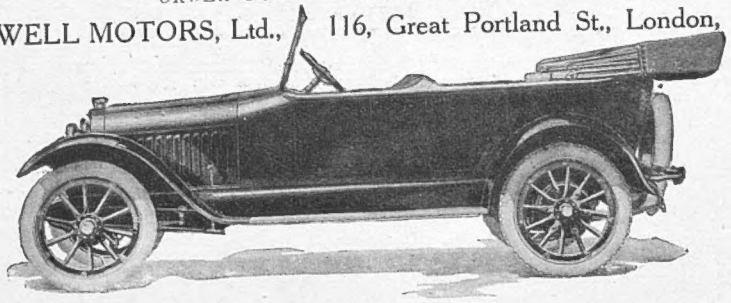
America's Favourite Six

Hot Spot atomises the petrol— Ram's Horn carries those atoms to the equidistant cylinders with lightning-like rapidity, and its shape prevents pools. These improvements cut waste and give greater mileage from low-grade petrol.

Price £750 AT GREAT PORTLAND STREET.
ORDER NOW FOR EARLY DELIVERY.

MAXWELL MOTORS, Ltd., 116, Great Portland St., London, W.1.



MONTE CARLO WHILE YOU WAIT (*concluded from page* 186)

it takes more'n a pair o' blue eyes to fool yours truly! Pity there *ain't* women like she wants to seem. But there ain't. And there it *is!*"

About four o'clock he had won a good deal, yet—whether from lack of food in his stomach or lack of faith in his heart, Ca' Canny was sad. The romance, the beauty of Monte Carlo was heavy upon him, like too rich a perfume. "I don't know but what I've had enough," the man said to himself, "I wonder if I won't be goin' back to the little grey town in the North—what?"

He had not taken a step across the floor or towards a decision, however, when Miss Vail came hurrying to him. "I'm glad I didn't miss you, Sir James," she said. "I saw you didn't miss *me!* So I went to the Princess' Restaurant to lunch."

"Oh," said Ca' Canny. "Wasn't that where Miss Minto was to take her manager, when she'd met him at the station?"

"So it appears," returned Miss Vail, as if she hadn't remembered the place. "They were there when I got there, and as it happened, a waiter took me to a table next theirs. Not a bad looking person, the film man, really, till he lost his temper. *Then* he was rather demoniac. But, I must say, one couldn't blame him. I sat so near, I couldn't help hearing and seeing a lot, though her back was turned to my table. She hadn't been able to wait till she was at home for a glance at the scenario she's always babbling about, and she was turning it over at the table, in the midst of crumbs. Would you—a level-headed business-man—believe it, Sir James?—that woman has *refused* to accept the thing?"

"She has?" echoed Ca' Canny.

"Yes. She said it was vulgar and dreadful. It would ruin her father's reputation. Goldberg flew into a fiendish temper, when he'd failed to make her see sense, and swore he'd wire the company the 'whole snap was off.' Instead, they'd do something he'd written himself, with no silly outsider to make trouble. Of course this means that none of the other Minto books will be done for the cinema. Think of that! And Goldberg was wild about his two hundred pounds' advance. I left at last—rather than miss you—as she was saying she'd try to pay him back at the rate of twelve pounds a year.

Ca' Canny said nothing. He was thinking, "Then there are such women as she seems. Anyhow there's *one*. And I called her mercenary! Good Lord, she must be liking me for myself after all."

"Won't you have tea with me at the Paris?—I invite you as my guest!" said Miss Vail, thinking of his canniness.

"Thank you, no. I must be getting to the villa," Sir James answered.

With that he left her. On the way home he overtook Miss Minto, crying. But her tears were soon dried. Her own "Riviera Romance" was going to make up for everything else.

Ca' Canny had gone the Whole Gamut, outside the Casino as well as in!

Private Robinson bringing his motherless bairns to Dr Barnardo's Homes

Dr Barnardo's Homes

7,000

CHILDREN NEED FOOD

WILL YOU SEND THEM 10/-?

10,715 Barnardo Boys have fought for you.

WILL YOU SUPPORT ONE OF THEIR BROTHERS OR SISTERS FOR A WEEK?

Cheques & Orders payable "Dr BARNARDOS HOMES FOOD BILL FUND" and crossed; and parcels of Blankets, Clothing, and Toys may be addressed to the Honorary Director:

WILLIAM BAKER, ESQ., M.A., LL.B.,
Dr BARNARDO'S HOMES,
18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.1.

Please mention "The Bystander" January 21st, 1920, when remitting.

Grants from Presidents of Regimental Institutes, etc., will be much appreciated.

Gratefully acknowledged to the Food Bill Fund:—

£100 from Swansea.
£10 from "Miss W.," Switzerland.
£5 from "H.M.M.," Holland.

Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

AT ALL CHEMISTS

4/3 A TIN

HARD BEARDS

disappear quickly when in contact with a 'MAB.' The small keen bladed Mab makes shaving easy and safe.

25 Years' Reputation.

Black Handles 4/6; Ivory 8/-

Of all good Ironmongers and Stores.

'MAB' Co. 73K Newhall St., BIRMINGHAM

"Mab"

DON'T LOOK OLD!

But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days thus securing a preserved appearance has enabled thousands to retain their position.

2/- everywhere or post free from J. PEPPER & CO., Ltd., 34, Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.